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[ONE PENNY.]

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

We regret to announce the death of the Earl of Cardigan, whose portrait we present to our readers, at his seat, Deane Park, Northamptonshire. Several accounts had been received in London of an accident to his lordship, to which his death was attributed. A correspondent at Kettering states that the head-keeper on the earl's estates at Deane, near Kettering, went out shooting on Wednesday, and was found dead in the afternoon. The skull had been shot quite away. There was nothing to show that his death had resulted in any other way than by accident. On Thursday morning Earl Cardigan went to see the body of the keeper, and seems to have been much disturbed by the sight. As he was returning home, with Lady Cardigan riding by his side, he fell from his horse heavily. The unfortunate nobleman was taken up in a state of insensibility, and conveyed to the hall. The nearest surgical aid was obtained, and Mr. Barnard Holt, of Savile-row, the eminent surgeon, telegraphed for. Everything was done that scientific skill and careful attention could devise, but in vain, and his lordship, who never recovered his consciousness, expired at about eleven o'clock on Friday night. The late Right Hon. James Thomas Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan and Baron Brudenell, of Stanton Wyvill, county Leicester, in the peerage of England, and a baronet, K.C.B., was the second son of Robert, sixth Earl of Cardigan, by his marriage with Penelope Anne, second daughter of the late Mr. George John Cooke, of Harefield Park, Middlesex. The deceased nobleman was born 16th October, 1797, and married 19th June, 1826, Elizabeth Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of Admiral John Richard Delap Tollemache and Lady Elizabeth Stratford, daughter of the Earl of Aldborough. His lady died in 1858, and his lordship married secondly, in the same year, at the Royal Chapel, Gibraltar, Miss de Horsey, only daughter of the late Mr. Spencer de Horsey, by his wife Lady Louisa, youngest daughter of John, first Earl of Stradbroke, who survives his lordship. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his father in the family honours and estates on the 14th August, 1837. In May, 1824, he entered the army as cornet in the 8th Hussars, and remained in that regiment until after he had attained the rank of major, in 1830, when he went on half-pay. His promotion was rapid, and by the 3rd of December, 1830, he had become lieutenant-colonel. While Lord Brudenell he was a member of the House of Commons, from 1818 to 1837, when he succeeded to the title. He was tried before the House of Lords in February, 1840, for feloniously wounding Captain

the battle of Inkermann. Lord Cardigan returned home invalided. Shortly after the war with Russia he was appointed inspector general of cavalry, which post he held for the usual period, since which time he had been unemployed. His lordship was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath for his military services; the Emperor of the French made him a Commander of the Legion of Honour; and the Sultan conferred upon him the Order of the Medjidie of the second-class. He had also received the war medal and clasp, and the Turkish medal. He was appointed in August, 1859, colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and in August, 1860, he was transferred to his old regiment, as colonel of the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars. In default of issue the earldom and family honours devolve upon his cousin, the Marquis of Ailesbury.

The following strange story comes from the other side of the Atlantic. Many of our readers will remember the famous trial of the Earl of Cardigan which took place some twenty-seven years ago. Captain Tuckett, an officer in Lord Cardigan's regiment, believed that his commanding officer had been unduly familiar with his wife, and forced him to fight a duel. Lord Cardigan was tried before the House of Lords on the charge of attempted murder, and was acquitted. Captain Tuckett and his wife went to the United States, and lived in Philadelphia for many years. The pair had to struggle with poverty—the husband editing an insurance journal, and his wife, a lovely woman, helping him all she could, and a model of everything that a wife should be. She had denied to her husband, in the most solemn manner, that she had ever received from the earl any other letters than the one the accidental discovery of which had led to the duel, and his last words were assurances that he never doubted her. But a week after his death, according



JAMES THOMAS BRUDENEL, LATE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

Harvey Tuckett in a duel, but was acquitted. In March, 1832, he was promoted from half-pay to the lieut.-colonelcy of the 11th Hussars, and applied himself at once to increase the efficiency of his corps. He was highly complimented by the late Duke of Wellington in 1848 on the discipline and efficiency of his regiment. On the outbreak of the Crimean War the late Lord Cardigan was selected to command the 1st Brigade of Light Cavalry. It was the first time he had had the opportunity of showing his qualities before the enemy. The light cavalry were not employed at the Alma; but in the battle of Balaclava, on the 25th of October following, he led the celebrated "death charge" which has become so fertile a theme for military criticism and for poetical genius. After

to the New York papers, from which we are quoting, she threw off her disguise, and resumed what the writer says had been her real character from the beginning. Her first act was to write to the earl that she intended to publish the letters he had written to her in India in a volume, which had the desired effect of bringing a remittance. Her career from that time forward is represented as having been bold, courageous, and profligate to the last degree. Her last years were years of great privation and suffering. She finally fled with a friend to Colorado, where she at last rests in peace. Of course this may be a romance, but we give it on the authority of the *North British Daily Mail*.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, Lord Lyveden directed attention to the papers relating to hostilities in the River Plate, and expressing confidence in the pacific intentions of the Foreign Secretary, urged the Government not to interfere or to take any part in the events which are now transpiring in that quarter of the globe. The Earl of Malmesbury assured the noble lord that there was no ground for apprehension, as Ministers did not intend to make any offer of mediation between the belligerents, or to interfere in any other way. All they had done had been to instruct the British consul at Buenos Ayres to do his utmost to procure the release of such Englishmen as might have been under arrest. It would be their duty, however, to carefully watch the progress of matters in the Plate. The Poor Relief Bill was, at the instance of the Earl of Ellenborough, and with the assent of the Earl of Devon, referred to a select committee. Earl Stanhope, nominated the select committee on Ecclesiastical Titles in the United Kingdom. The Indian Railway Companies' Bill was read a second time.

In the House of Lords the Mutiny Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill were brought from the Commons, and read a first time. The Railways (Extension of Time) Bill was read a third time and passed; the Indian Railway Companies' Bill went through committee; and the Consolidated Fund £600,000 Bill, and the London Coal and Wine Duties Continuance Bill were read a second time. On the motion of the Earl of Malmesbury, and after discussion, a new standing order was agreed to that the practice of calling for proxies on a division should be discontinued, and to prevent the order being lightly suspended, that twice the usual length of notice be given of any motion for its suspension.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, the benches and galleries of which were crowded to excess within a few minutes after its opening, Mr. Gladstone rose, and his doing so was a signal for a burst of cheering from the Opposition. In moving that the House would immediately resolve itself into a committee to consider the Acts relating to the Established Church in Ireland, the right hon. gentleman observed that he could not for a moment regret the motions just interposed by Colonel Knox and Mr. Surtees, and accepted as a matter of course, for they reminded the House of what a solemn duty they were about to enter upon. What he should ask the House to assert was, that in their opinion, the Established Church in Ireland should cease to exist as an Establishment, but that every vested right and interest should receive ample satisfaction. Moreover, as in an operation of so extensive a kind there would necessarily arise matters of value than of strict rule and principle, as well as points that would be subject to fair and legitimate doubt, in dealing with them, he would approach such subjects with the determination to indulge and conciliate feeling, wherever it could be done, and in every doubtful case to adopt that mode of proceeding which would be most consistent with the principles of the largest equity. What he would renounce for the future was any attempt to maintain in association with the State, or for its authority, or supported by the income of the State, or by public or national property in any form, a salaried or stipendiary clergy. The more limited cases of other religious bodies than the Established Church must be met by analogous principles of justice, equity, and even indulgence. Beyond that his aim would be to put an end within the realm of Ireland to all grants from the Consolidated Fund for the purposes of any religious denomination. Having satisfied every claim, the next point would be to consider the application of the residue, and in his judgment that would have to be treated simply as an Irish fund for the benefit of Ireland. In recognising vested interests he did not propose to deprive those who had hitherto worshipped in the parishes of churches from the future possession and use of those fabrics, provided they were willing to retain them for religious purposes, and with the fabric should go the residence of the clergyman. Another portion of his proposal would be to give compensation to the private owners of advowsons, which numbered about one-third of the whole; but the patrons of these benefices were in the vast majority of cases members of the Establishment, and to them should be paid the money that the State would find to be the value of the advowsons. Private endowments would also be respected; and putting these items together, he believed that if a given moment were assumed at which the dreaded dis-establishment of the Irish Church was to take place, the effect of the process would be this—that of the full money value of the entire possessions of the Establishment fairly sold in the open market, not less than three-fifths, possibly two-thirds, would remain in the hands of the members of the Anglican communion. The motion having been seconded, Lord Stanley advanced to the table to move his amendment, his objection was that while the mover of the resolutions laid down a principle to be avoided all notice of the real question, which was not whether anything ought to be done, but what should be done, with regard to the status of the Irish Church. The question therefore must be dealt with in the new Parliament, which would be elected by a new and greatly extended constituency. The resolutions were consequently a simple protest by anticipation of the views of a dying Parliament, which was quite unnecessary, as, whatever party may be in power, the Irish Church must be among the very first questions that would engage its attention. The resolutions would, in fact, serve no other purpose than that of an election cry for the new Parliament. The debate was adjourned at a late hour.

In the House of Commons the adjourned debate on the Established Church (Ireland) was resumed by Mr. Secretary Hardy. They were called upon, he said, at a special and peculiar moment, to go into committee on a matter of the greatest importance, and which could be settled neither in the present nor in the next Parliament, nor probably for many years to come, and this had been met by an Amendment of his noble friend (Lord Stanley), which laid down that, pending inquiry, any proposition that tended to dis-establishment or dis-endowment ought to be reserved for the decision of a new Parliament. The question was one of time, of occasion, and of opportunity, and it would have been an absurdity on the part of the Government to have assented to the appointment of a Royal commission, had they not been prepared to endeavour to ameliorate the state of things reported upon by the commissioners. Mr. Goschen next addressed the House, and was followed by Mr. Dawson, Mr. Torrens, Sir H. Bruce, Mr. Sergeant Armstrong, Colonel Knox, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Schreider, the Attorney-General for Ireland, and Mr. Bright, and at a late hour the debate was again adjourned.

RETIREMENT OF THE EARL OF DERBY.—A resolution passed by the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, expressive of their regret at the retirement of the Earl of Derby from public life, has produced an interesting reply from that distinguished statesman. His Lordship says that "it was not without a pang" that he found himself compelled to take such a step; but he was "very satisfactory to him to be empowered by Her Majesty to transfer the office of Premier to one whose co-operation and friendship he had enjoyed for more than twenty years, and who he was persuaded would not be unmindful of those great constitutional principles which it had been the study of his Lordship's life to uphold." The noble earl promises his earnest and active, though unofficial support to Mr. Disraeli's Government.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

We have reason to believe that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will accompany the Prince on his visit to Ireland.

Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, Lady Caroline Burrough, Colonel Du Plat, and suite, honoured the performances at the Theatre Royal Adelphi on Monday evening.

On Monday afternoon the Queen, with the Princess Louise and Beatrice, arrived in London from Windsor Castle, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace, where they resided during the week.

Her MAJESTY the Queen held the second Drawing Room of the season on Tuesday at Buckingham Palace, and it was largely attended. Indeed for several hours before the time appointed for the admission of persons having the entree, and those to be presented, Constitution-hill, Birdcage-walk, and the road from Marlborough-gate to the forecourt of the Palace were lined with carriages, the ladies in full dress being content to sit there hour after hour in order to secure an early place on the doors being thrown open for their reception.

The death is announced of the Ven. R. R. Hinckinson, M.A., Archdeacon of Norwich. The rev. gentleman was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1821, but his name does not appear on the list of honour. He was ordained in the same year by Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, and was for some years minister of Well Walk Chapel, Hampstead. In 1847 he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Norwich to the Incumbency of St. Margaret and St. Nicholas, King's Lynn, which he held until 1853, when he was presented to the rectory of North Creake, near Fakenham. He was presented to the archdeaconry of Norwich in 1857.

On Monday evening the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayor entertained the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Lady Mayoress, and a few gentlemen connected with the corporation of that city, at dinner at the Mansion House, which was served in the Venetian Parlour. There were present, besides the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Dublin, Mr. Alderman Joyst (the late Lord Mayor), Mr. Alderman Manning, Sir John Gray, M.P., Mr. Vokes Mackey, Rev. Dr. Russell (the chaplain), Mr. W. J. Henry (town clerk of Dublin), the City Marshal (Mr. M. A. Hayes), Miss Allen, Sir R. Carden, Lady and Miss Carden, the Common Serjeant, M.P., and Mrs. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. David, and Mr. Joseph Gibbs.

On Friday week the "meet" with Mr. Nunn's hounds was in Boxford-street, and it being a fine day brought together a numerous field. Among the ladies was Mrs. Amos Tiffen, who was mounted on a very handsome-looking horse, but the animal was restive, and would not take the fences. A friend in the field kindly proffered his horse, which being accepted all seemed to go on well, until having found a fox, and the hunt going at a slapping pace, when near Callis-street, Roxford, on a sudden Mrs. Tiffen's foot slipped from the stirrup, and she fell with great force upon her hip on the hard road, and we regret to say that she broke her thigh bone high up near the hip joint. Mr. T. G. Gordon was soon in attendance and reduced the fracture, and it is hoped she will do well.

CHURCH questions are just now in the ascendant, not only in Parliament, but in the law courts. First we had the judgment of the Dean of Arches on the Mackenzie case, and we have now the decision of the House of Lords on an important issue affecting Church patronage. The plaintiff was the Rev. F. C. Maraham, and the object of the suit was to recover the presentation of the rectory of St. Gregory. The plaintiff, who is the parson appointed by the Rev. John Field, but the Bishop of Exeter declined to institute him, because the testimonies from his previous bishop were "insufficient." Six months having elapsed, the bishop claimed the nomination, and induced the Rev. J. H. C. Borwell. Their lordships now decided against the bishop, and Mr. Borwell, who has held the living since 1858, so long has "the law's delay" kept the case *sub judice*—will be dispossessed.

GOSSIP FROM THE OWL.

WE understand that Mr. R. J. Harvey, M.P. for Thetford, is about to be raised to the dignity of a baronet. A marriage was arranged between Mr. William Forbes of Callander, and Edith, third daughter of the Rev. Lord Charles and Lady Hartwell Harvey; and between Miss Harvey, daughter of Mr. Harvey, M.P., of Thetford, and Mr. Lacon, son of Sir Edmund Lacon, Bart., M.P. We understand that the committee which is to take the management of Mr. Du Cane, M.P., was appointed to inquire into the present management of Greenwich Hospital, has presented its report to the Board of Admiralty. The report is said to be adverse to the idea of entirely closing the hospital, but to recommend a considerable reduction of the present establishment, combined with a relaxation of the existing terms with respect to the admission of men discharged permanently invalided from the sort hospitals. It will be soon presented to Parliament. The Report of the Irish Railway Commissioners is on the eve of completion and will be in the hands of the Government on Friday next. The Peers who constitute the Ecclesiastical Titles Act Committee of Great Britain and Ireland have placed the conduct of their proceedings in the hands of Earl Stanhope, and an inquiry will be forthwith commenced into the operation of all existing laws on the subject. Mr. Washington, Sir Robert Phillips, and Mr. Hope-Scott will be called as witnesses. The bill to authorize the removal of the Natural History Collection of the British Museum from Bloomsbury to South Kensington has been agreed to by the trustees, and the school may be said to be complete, with the exception of some minor details of administration which still require adjustment. Bills are in course of preparation to exceed the time by two months for recruiting voters in Ireland and Scotland during the ensuing autumn. Contrary to almost invariable parliamentary precedent, Mr. John Abel Smith has not been nominated chairman of the select committee on his own bill for the suppression of stimulants and stimulating drinks. The members met on Tuesday, and the post fell on Mr. James Ferguson, Under-Secretary of the Home Department. Mr. Wilson-Patten, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Wednesday gave Mr. Adams, the retiring minister of the United States, a dinner at which were present all the members for Lancashire, as well as a few members who, though not representing, are connected with the great interests of that county.

VENOM OF TOADS.—The toad, formerly considered as a creature to be feared, does in reality possess a venom capable of killing certain animals and injuring man. This poison is not, as is generally thought, secreted by the mouth; it is a sort of epidemic cutaneous secretion, which acts powerfully if the skin be abraded at the time of contact. Dogs which bite toads soon give voice to howls of pain. On examination it is found that the palate and tongue are swollen, and a viscous mucus is exuded. Smaller animals coming under the influence of the venom undergo true narcotic poisoning, soon followed by convulsions and death. Experiments made by MM. Gratiolet, Cloez, and Vulpian, show that the matter exuding from the parotid region of the toad becomes poisonous when introduced into the tissues. A tortoise of the species "Testudo Mauritanica" lame in the hind foot, was completely paralysed at the end of fifteen days; and the paralysis lasted during several months. Some savages in South America use the acid fluid of the cutaneous glands of the toad instead of the curara. The venom exists in somewhat large quantity on the toad's back. Treated with ether, it dissolves, leaving a residuum; the evaporated solution exhibits cleaginous granules. The residuum contains a toxic power sufficiently strong even after complete desiccation, to kill a small bird.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

On Monday the Chancery Easter vacation commenced, and the chambers will be re-opened on the 9th inst., but the courts will be closed until the 1st day of Easter Term.

On Saturday the Aylesbury bench of magistrates, at their annual session for the appointment of parish officers, for the several parishes in their division, appointed Mrs. Sarah Wooster to the office of overseer of the poor, and surveyor of highways for the parish of Iffley, there being no other "person" resident there so well qualified to perform the duties. Last year the same magistrate appointed not fewer than four females to similar posts in parishes within the Aylesbury petty sessional division.

The arrangements for a conference of railway shareholders being completed, a meeting will take place at Manchester, under the presidency of Lord Cranborne, on the 14th of April and the following days. The subjects for discussion are of a practical character, and have been determined upon with a view to influence beneficially the interests of railway proprietors, by aiding in effecting important improvements in the railway administration and legislation of the country.

An appeal is made in the *Cork Examiner* by two Roman Catholic priests for pecuniary assistance for Mrs. Mackay, whose husband was convicted for treason-felony the other day. They say that "She is reduced to a position which, under the circumstances, deserves the sympathy and humane consideration of the public, and it is therefore proposed to form a fund which will enable her to get into some business by which she may maintain herself respectably."

MR. E. WARD, of Otley, farmer, has in his possession a ewe which has become remarkable for the extraordinary number of lambs to which she has given birth. She is five years old, and is already the mother of fifteen lambs. When one year old she gave birth to two lambs, when two years old she gave birth to four, when three years old she gave birth to two, when four years old she gave birth to four, and in her fifth year, on the 23rd ult., she became the mother of three, being a total in five years of fifteen lambs. The whole of the fifteen are now living.

Two more bodies have been picked up of those who were drowned in the boat accident in Poole Harbour. The bodies are those of Thomas Fry, aged 53, who had charge of the boat, and Mary Ann Green, aged 16. They were found in Weymouth Channel early on Saturday morning, by a fisherman named O'— who, with others, was dragging the channel. The inquest was held the same day on the bodies, but no evidence was procurable as to the way in which the accident occurred. The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned." There is still missing the body of the little boy, aged five, the son of Thomas Fry.

On Saturday an explosion of a serious character took place at the carriage works of the North of England Railway Company, at the Marsh, Preston. A number of workmen were employed in casting a large "shear leg," and when they had got about six tons of metal in the casting an explosion took place, caused by the splitting of a core. A current of air got between the cylinder bed and the core, which forced the metal out, scattering it about the shed in all directions; and the other debris was thrown into the room above. A workman who was standing on a cradle was blown off, and four others were severely injured by the hot metal. Some of the workmen are said to be dangerously wounded.

On Saturday a melancholy accident occurred at Hexham Station on the Newcastle and Carlisle section of the North-Eastern Railway to an engine driver named Edward Atkinson. It appears that deceased was the driver of a train which was proceeding to Carlisle, and stopped at Hexham for the purpose of taking in water. Whilst the engine was under the water tank deceased commenced to oil the machinery, and was so engaged when the train from Carlisle came in sight. Deceased observing the train approaching was in the act of stepping on to his engine, but missing his footing he was struck by the buffer of the advancing engine and knocked on to the rails, and the whole of the train passed over him. The poor fellow, when picked up, was found to have sustained severe injuries, but was still alive. Medical aid was at once procured, but he died in a few hours.

An amusing incident occurred the other day at Birmingham, which revealed a fact not generally known, that most favourite birds bear aristocratic titles. A landlord, having threatened his small tenants with legal consequences if they kept pigeons—which greatly destroy property—found one morning on the roof of his cottage a number of pigeons, who, like Old Kasper, were "sitting in the sun." The landlord vainly demanded the name of the owner. The tenants were mute. At length he shot at the birds, and as one or two favourites fell the anxious onlookers, forgetting their professed ignorance on the subject, exclaimed, almost in tears: "O, mon, stop, wut; you'n killed the Duke o' Malakoff an' Queen Mary, an' winged the Emperor Napoleon's cock-eyed hen!" The landlord was horrified at the apparent enormity of his deed, and went home in a reflective mood.

A TROOPER of the name of Thomas Dust, in the 2nd Life Guards, quartered in the Spital Barracks, Windsor, met with his death in the following extraordinary manner. On Saturday, the 21st ult., he complained of pains in his stomach. On the following Monday, the pains continuing, he consulted the hospital surgeon, who had the man brought into the hospital. On Thursday evening he was suddenly seized with vomiting blood, and died in less than two minutes. At a *post mortem* examination which took place on Friday, to ascertain the cause of this mysterious affair, it was discovered that he had swallowed a splinter from a bone of less than half an inch and a half in length, and an eighth of an inch in thickness, which had pierced the gullet and was found lodging in the heart. The young soldier bore an excellent character in his regiment, which he entered only in October last, at the age of twenty-two.

PRELIMINARY preparations are being made at Portsmouth to give the young Queen a brilliant reception on Easter Monday. A committee is to meet at the Guildhall to complete the arrangements, which are to be made on a liberal scale. A large sum of money has been subscribed by the inhabitants to meet expenses, and appropriate decorations have been commenced. In Palmerston-road, Southsea, a triumphal arch is being built to mount a number of brass cannons to be discharged as the corps march past. The mayor will entertain the naval and military authorities, and the officers of the metropolitan corps. There is to be a grand ball on the Governor's green, and a display of fire works. The prize committee are fast completing their arrangements for a prize meeting, and 250l. at least will be offered in prizes for artillery, rifle, and carbine practice. There will also be three targets for pool. The practice will take place at Fort Cumberland Range on Saturday, April 11th, and at Brownsea, (Gosport), on the 14th. Various cups have been offered as prizes, one, value 30l., from the commercial inhabitants of Southsea. Messrs. Emanuel, of the Hail, Portsea, have offered a prize, and others will be given by the licensed victuallers of the district. The shooting will be with the Government Enfield weapon.

MAIDEN EFFORTS.—A leader in the *Times* speculates on the difficulties that will be encountered by young members of Parliament in discovering worthy topics on which to base their maiden efforts, now that church rates and flogging in the army have been settled and done for. What does our contemporary think of directing the attention of aspirants for parliamentary fame to the administration of the poor laws? The poor they will always have with them; although natural decay and a good pension may bereave the Poor Law Board of Mr. Fleming.

METROPOLITAN.

PIPER MOHAN, charged with inducing soldiers to desert, and as a Fenian, was brought up again before Sir Thomas Henry, at Bow-street, and some additional evidence given, which proved the desertsion by independent testimony. He was then remanded until the 7th proximo.—We give a full report elsewhere.

On Saturday evening a shocking accident occurred at the Blackfriars Station of the Charing-cross Railway, by which one of the company's porters lost his life. At about a quarter to nine o'clock a train was moving from the station when a passenger got into a carriage, leaving the door open. A porter named George Hilbert ran after the train and endeavoured to shut the door, but in doing so he was thrown down, and fell between the platform and the train, and the wheels passed over his body, mutilating him in a most painful manner. The poor man was immediately conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where he expired shortly afterwards.—An inquest was held on the body of the deceased, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

On Saturday a conference on the condition of the agricultural labourer was held in St. James's Hall. Many members of Parliament, and other public men of all shades of political opinion, attended. The points raised for consideration were—1. What are the causes of the unsatisfactory condition of the agricultural labourer? 2. What are the means best calculated to improve that condition? 3. If by the formation of a society, then upon what plan should such society be constituted, and what steps taken to form it? The answer to the first question was, of course, ignorance and lowness of wages; to the second, the formation of societies, or rather unions, among the labourers, for the purpose of raising wages, and the establishment of a system of compulsory education for all children of the labouring class under thirteen years of age; and, to the third: by making the unions strictly protective and defensive, and not aggressive in character; and the formation of a committee to draw up rules for the unions, and to raise a fund for preliminary expenses.

HE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO IRELAND.

It has been arranged that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales shall proceed to Ireland in Her Majesty's yacht *Enchantress*, Commander Petley, which has been taken into basin at Woolwich Dockyard, where she is undergoing repair and embellishment for the purpose. Preparations for the landing of the Prince of Wales at Kingstown, on the occasion of his Royal Highness's visit to Ireland, will be made at the Victoria-wharf, and not at what is known as Carlisle Pier. The Board of Works have charge of the arrangements, and will provide suitable accommodation for the public bodies by whom addresses will be presented to the Prince on his stepping ashore. A platform will be raised, admission to which will be by ticket. The Victoria-wharf, where Her Majesty first landed in Ireland, is sufficiently large to allow of a vast number of persons from beyond the limits of the platform witnessing the proceedings. The squadron accompanying the Prince will, it is understood, perform various evolutions in Dublin Bay. The town council of Belfast have resolved at a special meeting to invite the Prince to visit that town during his stay in Ireland; and should his Royal Highness accede to this request, it was understood that preparations for a proper reception would be immediately commenced on a liberal scale.—The Dublin papers describe in day to day the progress made in the local preparations for the reception of the Prince of Wales. In St. Patrick's Cathedral the altar and communion table and screen have been removed, and galleries are in course of erection along the aisles for the accommodation of the audience. The Grand Master's Throne will be raised on a dais at the head of the table at which the Knights will sit; and the chair set for his Royal Highness will be that used by King William III. when he returned thanks in the cathedral for his victory at the Boyne. Every available inch of space is being turned to account. Ornamental pavilions will be raised outside the cathedral; and at the main approach, externally, reception rooms will be placed, and other galleries for spectators.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

THE *Sporting Gazette* mentions that a match, £200 a side, four miles, has been made between the Marquis of Hastings' Houghton Meeting and Sir Frederick Johnstone's Tom Moody, to be run at the Melton Hunt Meeting, on the Saturday after Northampton.—Lord Charles Ker's horses in training will be sold on April 6.—Mr. Spencer Lucy, of Charlecote, Master of the Warwickshire, was entertained at a complimentary dinner in the Court House, Warwick, on Wednesday last.—On Tuesday last, Major W. R. Stretton, Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds for the last thirty years, died suddenly.—No arrangements have yet been made for hunting the East Sussex country.—Lord Galway's hounds are now hunting only three days a week, in consequence of the large number of foxes, 52 brace, they have killed during the present season, which will close on the 20th of April.—Will Mawe, who leaves for the Worcestershire at the end of the season, will be succeeded by G. Orvis, from Mr. Selby Lowndes' country.—Lord Pendlesham has declined to undertake the Mastership of the Essex and Suffolk hounds.—The members of the Worcestershire Hounds have invited the Hon. Mr. Vernon and Mr. Allsopp to a complimentary dinner at Worcester, on the 15th of April. The Duke of Aumale will preside, with the Earl of Coventry as vice-president.

COLLISION ON THE LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY.—On Thursday the 6.30 working men's train from the Victoria Station to the City, on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, ran into a truck laden with paper, which had been left on the line just at the entrance of the Blackfriars Station. From some error of the signal-man, the line had been telegraphed as clear. The engine of the train struck the truck with such violence as to break it to pieces, scatter its contents, and carry the fragments before it into the station, tearing up about 40 yards of the platform. Although the passengers were much shaken, no serious injury has been reported, and it is believed that no one received any contusions of consequence. On the accident becoming known the railway officials set to work, and the line was taken in a short time, no material stoppage of the traffic having taken place.

THE MARQUIS TOWNSHEAD.—The *Daily Telegraph*, in commenting upon the peculiar tastes evinced by the Duke of Sutherland for the extinction of fires, and by the Marquis Townshend for the suppression of mendicity, avers that there is a special bell at Sutherland House, and that, whenever a suspicious redness appears in the sky at night, a fireman rushes into the stable yard, St. James's, and "rings up the Duke." Our contemporary suggests that a plate should be fixed to Lord Townshend's street door bearing the inscription, "Grievances redressed, beggars put down." A SERIOUS CONFLICT.—At midnight on Thursday a very serious conflict took place at Chatelineau between the troops and the rebels, in which eight men were killed and ten wounded. A large force, however, sent to the disturbed district by the government seems to have had the effect of restoring tranquillity, the telegram of a very reassuring nature having been received by the government at Brussels from General Desart.

THE NEW STANDARD THEATRE the other evening commenced its new season, with Madame Jenny Bauer as prima donna, Mr. Kinson as tenor, and Mr. Durand as bass. The work chosen was M. Gounod's "Faust."

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

A TELEGRAM from Calcutta announces that Mr. Massey's budget proposes an extraordinary expenditure of 1,700,000/- for public works in India.

A MINISTERIAL Council was held at the Tuilleries. The chief subject of deliberation was the policy of dissolving the Corps Legislatif, and ordering new elections. According to the *Étendard* the Council determined on not dissolving that body at the present moment. It is said that the Emperor is preparing a manifesto in the shape of a letter to Mr. Rouher, which will appear on the 15th of April.

A LITTLE after midnight on Feb. 20, in the middle of a heavy thunderstorm, a mariner of Her Majesty's ship Royal Alfred, at Bermuda, blinded by the lightning and rain, walked overboard. Navigating Lieutenant Kiddie, and a corporal named Parsons, jumped overboard and succeeded in reaching him as he was sinking. With difficulty, owing to the intense darkness of the night, they succeeded in swimming with him to the landing place.

By the Atlantic Cable we are informed that the prosecution of President Johnson before the Senate has been opened by Mr. Butler. By the *Herald* from New York on the 19th March, we learn that the House of Representatives have passed a bill continuing the Freedmen Bureau for one year. The New Jersey and Michigan delegations have declared for the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency.

THE *Observateur Romain* reiterates the statement that Italian emissaries are present in Rome, seeking to encourage desertion among the Papal troops. It says—“The police have recently arrested two Garibaldians and other individuals who were pursuing that object. Emissaries are still leaving several Italian cities for Rome, but the Political Government will be able to unmask their intrigues.”

THE *United Service Gazette* are very much surprised to hear that the Suez Hospital about which so much has been said, is not yet ready for the reception of the sick troops from India. From one correspondent we learn that the work is quite at a standstill for want of materials. The most preliminary sanitary measures have not yet been undertaken, and the water is not laid on. In so backward a state is the building, that it is doubtful whether it will be fit for occupation till next season, and this notwithstanding the new line of transports have been running for many months.

THE Crown Prince will assist at the marriage of the Prince Royal of Italy, and will meet Prince Napoleon at Turin, who will also be present at the nuptial ceremony. It is confidently asserted that Count Bismarck assured Prince Napoleon that Prussia was fully satisfied with the actual situation in Germany; that she will not prosecute further the development of unity, but, on the contrary, will try to moderate the unitarian aspirations of the South. The Prussian Government would, however, give way in face of a movement truly national and universal. The King of Prussia has given an audience to General Ignatief, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople.

A DISPATCH received at the India House from Sir R. Napier, dated Antalo, 9th March, states that the head quarters and 1st brigade would march towards Aghangi on the 11th, and were expected to reach there by the 16th. King Theodore had taken up a position on the table-land of Talents with guns and mortars. The *New York Herald*'s special correspondent with the Abyssinian expedition states that King Theodore determines to fight. Information has been received that he has selected a strong position between two rivers near Lake Haik, two days' march from Magdala. He is reported to have with him 15,000 men and six monster guns. Deep ravines encircle his camp, which is well protected against the advance of the British forces. Sir Robert Napier has 6,000 men at Antalo.

AS is well known, all actors and actresses of superior talent in France receive, in addition to their salaries, an allowance which is termed *des fous* (fire money). The origin of this practice dates back, as explained by Alexandre Dumas, to the time of Molière, who, when he established at Paris his company bearing the name of the *Illustré Théâtre*, undertook to pay a fixed sum to each member, taking to himself only the net profits, if any. The adventure was hazardous, yet succeeded pretty well during the summer; but when the cold weather arrived the comedians represented to their director that the dressing-rooms were dreadfully cold, and he thereupon granted to each 2f. daily to buy firewood. Hence the word *fous*. This custom lasted until 1830, and even the famous Mdlle. Mars received the additional 2f. Need we say that this fire money has been in the present day transformed and increased, and has sometimes amounted to a considerable sum?

ABOUT one o'clock on Thursday morning, during a severe snow storm, the brig *Triune*, Captain Farmer, laden with coals, from Sunderland for London, was run into, when about seventy miles from the coast, by the brig *Earl of Sunderland*, Captain Ogle, from Blyth, laden with coals, for Boulogne. The Earl of Sunderland was picked up by a smack and taken into Grimsby. Her mainmast was gone, also a portion of her stanchions, and her bulwarks and pumps were very much damaged. When fallen in with she was making water rapidly. The captain is missing; it is supposed he was crushed between the two vessels. Two of the crew were found dead on board, and another had received fractures of both thighs and other injuries of a serious nature. A boy on board was very little injured. The *Triune* also sustained considerable damage—her forecastle, jibboom, bowsprit, and all her fore stanchions having been carried away. Two of the crew were killed.

CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES.—There is now being sold at the salerooms of the Rue Drouot a collection of classical antiquities which is attracting buyers, since they are known to belong to Prince Napoleon. The collection is formed of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman marbles, vases, bronzes, arms, frescoes, &c. The objects look as if they had come from the national museums of Italy, and may have been gifts to the Prince. Some of the large Etruscan vases are very fine; but the collection is evidently only a wedding from the more important archaeological treasures of the Palais Royal.

FORGED BANK PAPER.—Travellers in Italy are cautioned against forged bank paper. Of the great variety of notes now in circulation, it is very difficult to easily counterfeited, and the forgers have not neglected this opportunity. The safest are probably the 10fr. and 20fr. notes. Both of these were engraved and printed in America, where that branch of financial art has attained a high degree of perfection. A fresh issue of 30,000,000 of the 10fr. paper is announced, a corresponding amount of large notes to be withdrawn. The Italian-made paper is more easily falsified.

JEWS IN MOLDO-WALLACHIA.—A bill of the most oppressive nature against the Jews has been introduced in the Moldo-Wallachian Parliament, by thirty-one Radical deputies. Among other prohibitions, the Jews are forbidden to purchase or sell houses, or to take a lease of farms, to associate in trade with Christians, or to sell provisions to any one not being a Jew.

MISS MACAY.—An appeal is made in the *York Examiner* by Mrs. Jameson, a priest for pecuniary assistance for Miss Macay, whose husband was convicted for treason-felony the other day. They say that "She is reduced to a position which, under the circumstances, deserves the sympathy and humane consideration of the public, and it is therefore proposed to form a fund which will enable her to get into some business by which she may maintain herself respectably."

MR. BOUCICAULT.—This gentleman has been confined to his room for several days with an old and troublesome organic attack and his part in "Jeanie Deans" has been sustained by Mr. Shore.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

RACING NOTES.

By this time all those interested in the national sport have made themselves acquainted with what took place at Epsom last week, and we need only notice the effect the running has had on future events. Upon public form it cannot be more than the odds off-red against Speculum for the Derby, and yet it can readily be made out that the Duke of Newcastle's horse, if he has not improved more than the general body of three-year-olds have done since last season, has not a particularly rosy chance of carrying off the "blue ribbon." He received 31lb. from Knight of the Garter, who finished third, and apparently did not give the latter more than a stone beating, while Lady Elizabeth when a two-year-old beat quite as good an animal as the Knight at 9lb. Whatever may be said about the staleness of Némés on Wednesday, her conqueror is entitled to quite as much attention as the Duke of Newcastle's colt, because Orion received but 5lb. from the French mare, while Speculum had 10lb. the best of the weights with her. The three-year-olds just named are, perhaps, about good enough to get third and fourth on the coming great day at Epsom, supposing that Lady Elizabeth and Rosicrucian meet them fit and well. The latter has taken his old place in the Two Thousand quotations, but on Saturday rumours were ripe that he was coughing again, and it is no easy task at present to indicate the best of Sir Joseph Hawley's lot, or to pick out the fastest of the team owned by the Duke of Newcastle. It is a notable fact that Pace has come into favour since the triumph of his stable companion, and that there have been plenty of offers to support Harvester at a price; both for the Two Thousand and Derby. Lady Elizabeth has taken her old place in the quotations on the last-named race, but there has not been a deal of speculation upon it, and on the Chester Cup business has just taken a wide range. Abergele puts up a 5lb. penalty for running second on Tuesday last, and his weight is now 1st 7lb. He was first favourite at the Victoria Club, and at the same time offers were plentiful against Darby and Virdie, the last-named of whom was friendless at 20 to 1. While she keeps at a long price her backers have a chance, but it is worth while remarking that John Day does not fancy her, and that the usual partisans of the Danebury stable have recently supported Seville rather freely. Beeswing holds a healthier market position than she did, and of the others which have figured at comparatively short odds, Weather Star has been scratched.

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE MEETING.

EPSOM preceding Northampton has unquestionably affected its prestige, though scarcely impaired its prosperity, as the public patrons mustered in as great strength as ever. Certain of the events—most notably the Whittlebury Stakes, the Two-Year-Old Stakes, and the Trial Stakes—showed extraordinary fallings off, as only a couple contested in each instance. The weather was, however, truly beautiful, the sun shining with brilliancy, and the company present was immense, including many of the leading patrons of the turf and members of the county aristocracy. Throughout the meeting was capably managed, thanks to the enterprise and experience of Mr. Tom Marshall, the courteous and popular clerk of the course. The Northamptonshire Stakes sustained its reputation for turf surprises by falling to a three-year-old who on the previous week had been beaten a long way from Blueskin in the Metropolitan. The aristocratic element mustered in strong force, although the death of the Earl of Cardigan prevented the attendance of several of the nobility. A large number of visitors arrived in town on Monday evening by the 4.15 train, and accommodation was consequently rated at a high figure. Sports commenced punctually at one o'clock with the Trial Stakes, but this only came to a match. The result was never for a moment in doubt, as with 7 to 4 on the Cambridgeshire winner the scion of Sweetmeat won with apparent ease. Little money was, however, entrusted to him, speculation being chiefly directed to the big event of the day—the Northamptonshire Handicap—about which there was quite a sensation in the town in the morning when it was announced that Blueskin had been scratched for the race. It was reported that a private trial had clearly shown his form, and after the result both owner and trainer gave up hopes of success. Hence the scratching, much to the mortification of many who had trusted their money to the Metropolitan winner, despite his defeat at Croxton Park on Friday. The Northamptonshire Stakes produced a field of thirteen runners, and was again won by an outsider, the stake this year falling to Mr. Brayley, by the aid of Mariner. Mr. Brayley nets something like £8,000 by the result, that gentleman having backed the horse to win that amount at an average price of 18 to 1. Lord Hastings, the favourite, finished second, Mariner winning with the greatest of ease. Except in one or two instances the day's sport was of a poor description, the fields being nothing like up to the dimensions we are accustomed to find at Northampton.

THE GREAT NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES.

Mariner	1
Lord Hastings	2
Thalia	3

EARL SPENCER'S PLATE.

Ironmaster	1
Afrum	2
Br. to Knight of the Crescent	3

26 ran.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

The crews have practised assiduously all the week. Betting has been in favour of Oxford. The race is to be rowed, it is said, about half-past eleven to-day.

THE SOUTH WESTERN AND SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANIES.

The contention between the South Western and South Eastern Railway Companies as to the transfer of passengers from the Waterloo Station to the Charing Cross line has at length, under pressure of the opposition of the South Western to the amalgamation of the South Eastern with the London and Brighton Company, been happily arranged, and there is every reason to expect that in the course of the present year passengers from the South Western may be able to get into Cannon-street, London-bridge, and Charing-cross trains at the Waterloo junction. The agreement which was read to the committee on the Amalgamation Bill is as follows:—"The South Eastern will erect a station at Waterloo and efficiently work it, and will charge the Charing-cross lines for the time being, and will commence the work as soon as may be. They will provide the means of passing between the Waterloo station and the new station." To the above was afterwards added, "and shall be Blackfriars station." Should any points of difference arise, Lord Bury and Mr. Watkin, with the Duke of Richmond as umpire, shall decide these. But the South Western must withdraw their bill and opposition."

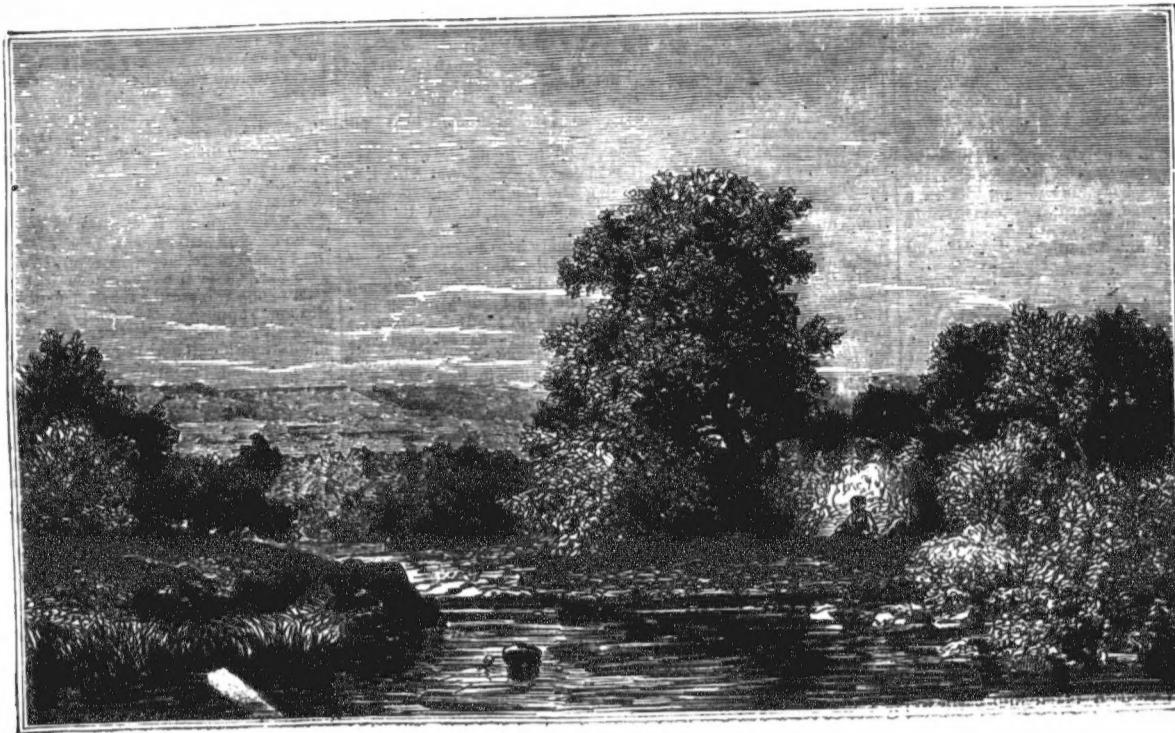
WILLIAM WORSLEY was executed on Tuesday at Bedford for the murder of William Bradberry, at Round Green, near Luton, on the 24th August last. As the chief witness against him was a man whose career and character for many years had been lawless and violent, who had himself been convicted of robbing the body of the deceased, and who must have been an accessory after the crime, expectations were entertained that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted. It is satisfactory to find that the culprit has made a full confession of his guilt, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. He appears to have been extremely penitent.

THE WAR OFFICE.

So long as the Horse Guards exists as an independent centre of administration, the Secretary of State cannot employ the services of soldiers without sensibly weakening his own authority, transferring the real supremacy to the Horse Guards, and sapping the control which Parliament seeks to enforce over the growing cost of our military establishments. If, therefore, all the chiefs of the departments of army administration ought, as some military critics insist, to be soldiers, the abolition of dual government is a necessary preliminary to this supposed improvement. But in truth a great deal of nonsense has been talked on this subject. The military knowledge in which a soldier surpasses a civilian is the knowledge how to fight a campaign. But the military knowledge required in an administrator involves a multitude of other matters. How expenditure can be limited without impairing efficiency; how accounts can be simplified and errors detected and prevented; how the supply of provisions and stores can be most economically provided and distributed; how discordant regulations can be best codified into consistency—these, and a score of similar branches of what in one sense might be called military knowledge, are at least as likely to be understood by a civilian who has spent his life in attending to them, as by a soldier the greater part of whose time has, if occupied at all, been occupied in drilling battalions, or perhaps in fighting battles.—*Saturday Review*.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF MR. J. HUTTON.

At the Court of Bankruptcy an application was made to Commissioner Winslow, in the bankruptcy of Mr. J. Hutton, late proprietor of the *Day* newspaper. Mr. Reed said it would be remembered that Lords Elcho, Grosvenor, and Lichfield had very honourably avowed a connection with that journal, and had, by a letter read in that court on the 11th of June last, expressed their intention of discharging all reasonable and just claims in full, but though the last hearing and the discharge of the bankrupt took place as far back as December, the creditors had as yet received no intimation as to payment. The learned counsel said he was as sure as he was of his existence that the noblemen in question would fulfil the promise made, and he suggested that the assignee had perhaps failed to push the matter forward. Mr. Davis said he appeared for various smaller claimants, who were greatly inconvenienced by the delay. It appeared, however, that the award in regard to the claim of Messrs. Ranken and Wilson, the printers, had been signed only three weeks ago. Mr. Wintle, the assignee, showed that no delay had taken place on his part, and undertook, at the request of the Court, to do his best to expedite a settlement.



SPRING.

BALSOVER CASTLE.

THE ancient castle of Balsover was built by Peveril of the Peak, son of William the Conqueror, and afterwards, on passing through several families, was seized by the disaffected barons and garrisoned against King John. It is situated in the Hundred of Scarsdale, Derbyshire. It was regained for the King by William Ferris, Earl of Derby, in 1215. Charles I. was entertained here on two occasions. A great portion of the castle was demolished by Cromwell's soldiers. The present edifice, given in our engraving, is built on a portion of the former site, and still bears the ancient title of Balsover Castle.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BAYANT & MAY's Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THE ONCE FAMOUS EPPING HUNT.

THE once famous Epping Hunt—the "meet" patronised by the Lord Mayor, his sheriffs, aldermen, and common councilmen, where those dignitaries met in serious sort to hunt the stag, which, carted to the chosen spot, made sport for the grave citizens—has now degenerated into a mere farcical memento of the past. An account of the hunt, given in the "Morning Herald" of 1826, describes how the stag was carted, and was delayed at the various "publics" on its way to its destination, to be exhibited to curious gazers at threepence per head. How, after having been waited for by anxious crowds, it at last reached the "Bald Faced Stag on Buckhurst Hill" between two and three o'clock. Here, on the far-famed brow above Fairmead Bottom, were thousands of spectators. In the bottom the dogs and hunters were stationed. The stag, decorated with flowers and streamers, was released from the cart, and descended among the throngs, which formed an avenue for the graceful creature to pass down. Down the way he went, until the sight of the hounds sent him

with startled speed to cover, breaking through or overturning all obstructions in his path. Then were riderless steeds and steedless riders—hatless heads and headless hats—endless queries for the way the stag had taken—answers without end that no one knew—gentlemen bent on being valorous—ladies equally bent on restraining their valour—every eminence crowded, and every eye strained out upon distance to gaze on nothing! Meantime the stag, followed by the keepers and a few hounds, was taken—no one seemed to know how or where. And the multitude returned to London, to hunt no more till another Easter Monday, when another Epping stag, should again tempt them.—*Easter Annual*.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE IN GENEVA.—The trades' unionists who have their head-quarters in this country seem to be at the bottom of the great threatened strike in the building trade at Geneva. The "Acting Committee of the International Workmen's Association" have issued a proclamation to the trade in that city, calling upon all men to prepare for a general strike, the masters not having even designed to reply to the application for a modification of the present terms of labour. The *Journal de Genève* complains that the trade of the town should be disturbed by foreign intervention, and denies that the masters refused to listen to the demands of the workmen. "They confined themselves," it says, "to rejecting the intervention of a foreign society, whose head-quarters are in London, and which has no legitimate place in our Republican institutions."

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



BALSOVER CASTLE.

ARMY AND NAVY

GOSSIP.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* understands that the Army signal question has been finally decided, and henceforth instruction in signalling will form part of our military training. A good many military signal stations will shortly be established in Ireland. The Government have abandoned the idea of constructing a fort on the western point of Hayling Island, and extending to the Woolsneers, estimated at £240,000, in favour of the construction of a fort on the south-eastern end of the island, at the juncture of Chichester Harbour with the Solent, where a suitable fort can be erected for something like £30,000, and where it will be much more useful, because it will hold the key of the back door to all the forts round Portsmouth. By the purchase of the whole of the frontage land of Hayling Island, embracing about 600 acres and about four miles of sea frontage, the Government would get a most excellent parade and exercising ground, as well as an ordnance practising ground, together with the fort, for less money than the fort on the Woolsneers would have cost. The Lords of the Admiralty have been reluctantly compelled to remove the name of Captain the Hon. Augustus C. Hobart from the Navy List, in consequence of his having accepted an appointment under the Turkish Government, without, in the first instance, having consulted the wishes of their lordships.

RICHMOND BRIDE-WELL.

The treatment to which Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan are subjected in Richmond Bridewell was discussed in the House of Commons. It was shown to be much more severe than that to which they would have been subjected had they been punished for libel in an English prison; and the Attorney-General for Ireland, admitting that that fact had just been discovered by the Board of Administration of Prison Discipline, desired to state on the part of the Government that a prisons' bill would be immediately introduced which would assimilate the law of Ireland with that of England, and would remove every cause of complaint. We trust that in the meantime it will be remembered that up to the present moment Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan have been treated with a severity not contemplated by the judge by whom their sentences were awarded.

LEAD STEALING.

In the case of a man brought up at Westminster Police-court for lead stealing it was reported that after being taken into custody he made two attempts to kill himself. The first was made immediately after he was taken into custody. He drew a clasp knife from his pocket, opened it, and made an effort to draw it across his throat, but the constable who had him in charge rushed upon him and took the knife from him. On his being detained at the station, the inspector directed that he should be visited in his cell every five minutes. In about two hours after this, on the reserve man going to the cell, he received no answer, and on opening the door found the prisoner lying on the floor of the cell, weltering in his blood, and it was then found that he had lacerated his throat very severely with some sharp instrument. The divisional surgeon was immediately sent for, who dressed his wound, which was not of so serious a character as had at first been supposed. As the prisoner had been searched, and everything that he could injure himself with taken away, examination was made to discover how he had committed the injury, and there was found concealed under the coat a piece of thick tin with jagged edges, part of a beer can which had been put into the cell with water. He was remanded for a week.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty of our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Sir Shilling. per bottle. Her Zylbalsamum for the young, Three Shillings European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]



HIGHLAND MARY.

A LETTER TO LORD DARTMOUGH.

LORD DERBY, as well as Mr. Disraeli, has written a letter to Lord Dartmouth. In this communication, which is dated St. James's-square, the late Prime Minister says:—"I have to acknowledge, with the liveliest gratitude, the address which your lordship has done me the honour of transmitting to me on behalf of the National Union and the numerous Constitutional Associations whose names are annexed, kindly expressing their regret at my retirement from office, and their hopes that I should still be enabled to take a part in the political business of the country. It was not without a pang, and only under a conviction of the absolute necessity of the step, that I found myself compelled to ask permission to withdraw from the services of a Sovereign to whose gracious favour I am so deeply indebted, and to sever my official connection with a party which for so many years has honoured me with its confidence, and for many members of which I entertain a personal as well as political regard. It was, however, very satisfactory to me to be empowered to transfer the office which I had had the honour of holding to one whose co-operation and friendship I had enjoyed for more than twenty years, and who, I am persuaded, will prove himself not unmindful of those great constitutional principles which it has been the study of my life to uphold, and to which, so far as my health will permit, I shall not cease to give my earnest though unofficial support."

HIGHLAND MARY.

THERE are few painters that have succeeded in imparting upon canvas those beautiful creations of the mind of Robert Burns like Mr. T. S. Faed. A glance at the beautiful engraving here given from his admirable and truthfully-painted picture of "Highland Mary" will convince in a moment that he has not only studied deeply the Scottish bard's most favourite song, but he has taken careful note of the wild scenery with which the Highlands abound. The figure and countenance of "Highland Mary" are in themselves a beautiful study. The face is quiet, melancholy, with just a sufficient tone of grief to impart to it its own touching tale, without being gloomy, while the solemn Highland scenery around harmonises well with the umbrageous drapery beneath which that pretty foot peeps out. In all its details it is an exquisite picture of nature, and as such it is entitled to a prominent position as a work of art.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

MR. GLADSTONE'S RESOLUTIONS.

For the first time in the last ten years the Liberal party is in earnest on a great and an active policy, and entertains little fear—we might almost say no fear—of the ultimate result. The resolutions will pass; but, apart from personal considerations and fears of a dissolution, there are three or four ideas, not exactly current, but latent among some minds otherwise honestly Liberal, which will make their possessors vote, if they vote at all, with little heartiness, as men accepting the inevitable, and not as men determined to fulfil a clear and an imperative obligation. Of these ideas, the strongest may be shortly defined as the shewbread idea, the property idea, and the Protestant idea. As to the shewbread idea—that is, the idea of secularising great properties now devoted to religious use is something approaching sacrilege—it must be remembered that it is not the shewbread the English Liberals are about to abolish, but the use of the shewbread as a bribe to the hungry. Next, there is no confiscation, for nobody loses anything; all that happens is that a corporation of trustees is not renewed by the owner who placed the property in trust. And finally, as to the Protestant idea, it is not Protestantism which the Establishment propagates, but Ultramontanism, sacerdotalism in its worst and most extreme form, the *regime* of a priesthood which, whatever it forbids or whatever it commands, can always say, "We represent your native Church, and are fighting your spiritual battle against an alien ascendancy." To disestablish the Establishment is in Ireland to restore, not to subvert, its missionary character,—to make it once more, what its rival has so long exclusively been, the Church of the common millions whom Irish landlords despise, but for whom Christ died.—*Spectator.*

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND LORD STANLEY.

IT is gratifying to find that the pacific and conciliatory policy of the Foreign Secretary (as enunciated in his recent speech in Parliament on the Alabama question and in his address to the Deputation of the Peace Society) has elicited expressions of the warmest approval and admiration from some of the most influential persons in the United States. This is not surprising when the emphatic language of his lordship on the latter occasion is remembered. He then stated that "It would be an honour and happiness to himself and his colleagues to bring the matter of the Alabama to a satisfactory settlement. He could

not state the precise terms on which a compromise may be effected, but he had little doubt that if they were met, as he hoped and believed they would be, by a corresponding spirit of conciliation on the other side, means would be found to set the question at rest. With regard to the general question as to the foreign policy of this country, there had been a great change of late years, and he thought he could congratulate the members of the Peace Society that their principles were becoming more popular. It is now known throughout Europe, and, much as other nations may have been puzzled by it, it is acknowledged as a fact that the policy of England is a policy of peace."

CONFESSOR OF THE SELBY MURDERER.—Frederick Parker, convicted of the barbarous murder of Daniel Driscoll, at South Duffield, near Selby, has given a complete history of the whole affair. From this statement it appears that the crime was pre-meditated. "I had thought of doing the deed before we left Beverley," says Parker, and in pursuance of these murderous designs he "persuaded" Driscoll to abandon the idea of going elsewhere, and to proceed with him to Hemmingborough, where it is said, the murdered man could obtain work. Before leaving Beverley, Parker at the request of Driscoll, wrote the letter which was found on the latter, which was dated Scarborough, because, as it is explained, Driscoll intended to go there the following day. His companion, however, all the while intended that he should go in another direction. Parker tells of their midnight wanderings in the fields as though they had lost their way, and how at last they laid themselves down to sleep under a haystack. The sound of the cock crowing on that quiet Sunday morning awoke them, and they left to proceed on their journey. The approach of daylight now suggested to Parker the expediency of accomplishing what he intended to do, and so, while Driscoll was doing something with his boot, he knocked him on the head with a hedge-stake and killed him. Having taken his money and watch, the murderer threw the body of his victim into the ditch by the side of the road, where it was found the same morning.

THE MURDER AT BELVEDERE.—An inquest was held at the Union Workhouse, Dartford, on the body of Elizabeth Taylor, the woman who died from blows of a hammer, alleged to have been inflicted on her by a gipsy named James Eastwood. It was stated by the police at the inquest that they had hopes of speedily capturing Eastwood, who is well known, and belongs to a well-known tribe of gipsies. Pending the arrest of Eastwood the coroner's inquiry stands adjourned.

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—Intrigue—A Hero of Romance—Shocking Events. Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—Poor Pillicoddy—Jeanie Deans—No. One Round the Corner. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
 OLYMPIA.—Hen and Chickens—Martin Chuzzlewit Seven.
 STRAND.—Orange Blossoms—Paris—Marriage at any Price. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—Who's to Win Him?—Narcisse—Ballet. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—Mary Jones—Dearer Than Life—La Vivandiere. Half-past Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingara—A Quiet Family. Nine.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot. Eight.—Play—A Silent Protector. Seven.
 SURREY.—Friendship, Love, and Truth—Right and Wrong. Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena: The Wonderful Spanish Troupe. Half-past Seven.
 STANDARD.—Fra Diavolo. Seven.
 PAVILION.—Virginius—Katherine and Petruchio.
 NEW EAST LONDON.—The Man in the Iron Mask—A Concert—Armstrong, the Shipwright.
 BRITANNIA.—He Would be a Sailor—The Young Apprentice.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.
 British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Somers' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 3, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)
 EUGENIE.—Wait with patience till you come to years of discretion.
 A. B.—Send stamps for the postage.
 JUDY.—Thankfully declined.
 ROSE ANNIE.—We have no space for poetry. Send it to the "London Herald."
 J. S.—With compasses, as the crow flies.
 Z.—No thank you.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

THE SCHISM IN THE CHURCH.

WELL may the members of the Protestant Church of England exclaim, "Save her from her friends!" The Puseyites do all they can, under the mask of friendship, to assimilate her teaching and practice to that of Rome. A more dangerous heresy than this Puseyism was never introduced into any Church. It is insidious, and makes more converts to Romanism than the Pope and all his Cardinals could possibly win without its aid. It is to be hoped, however, that the decision of Sir R. Phillimore in the Mackonochie case, which we report elsewhere, will have some effect in putting down the Popery in our churches, and yet the judgment is not nearly so full as we could wish it. We very much fear that on a careful interpretation it will be found that, whether it be for good or evil, the judgment of the Dean of the Arches is substantially in favour of the Ritualists. From the ceremonialist point of view four out of the five points raised are matters of detail. Upon the first charge, that of the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament, the elevation complained of was abandoned previous to the commencement of the suit. Upon the second, which is quaintly described as "excessive kneeling," the judge decides that "if Mr. Mackonochie has committed any error in this respect" it is too paltry a matter to form the subject of a criminal prosecution, and should be referred to the discretion of the ordinary. The third point, the use of incense, whether burnt in a standing vessel or by way of "censing persons and things," is declared to be distinctly illegal. Upon the fourth point, the mixed chalice, the judge declares that the mixing of water with the wine "during the service" is illegal, but that "it is an innocent and primitive custom," and that it is "not illegal to administer to the communicants wine in which a little water has been previously mixed." So far as this part of the decision is concerned it is not improbable that the Ritualists may be rather thankful to Sir Robert Phillimore for having pointed out what appears to be a blunder in the "use" at St. Alban's, while giving a certain amount of sanction to the mixed chalice under the more rubrically correct conditions which he has laid down. Substantially, therefore, there is no condemnation upon any of these four points with the exception of incense; while upon the fifth, the use of altar lights at the celebration of Holy Communion,

the judgment is emphatically in favour of the ceremonialists. Moreover, it seems to us that of all the practices challenged by the prosecution, the fifth alone comes within the category of those giving "a natural expression" to "the characteristic doctrine of the Ritualists." That doctrine—it is useless to disguise it—is that of the Real Presence, and the declared symbols of that doctrine are the eucharistic vestments and the altar lights. The first, for a tolerably obvious reason, were not brought into court. The second symbol is pronounced unequivocally lawful. The enemies of the Church may be gratified at such a judgment, but we are by no means surprised that the promoters of the suit should recognise it as disastrous to their cause, and should contemplate further proceedings with the view of upsetting it. The Ritualists, however, have by no means escaped scot-free, apart from the condemnation of incense. Their favourite theory that a ceremony or an ornament in use before the Reformation, and not expressly forbidden at the Reformation, may lawfully be revived, is met by the authoritative declaration that any such ornament or ceremony must not "by any fair construction be necessarily connected with those Roman novelties which the Church cut away and clean rejected." This is a canon which the innovators will do well to bear in mind when contemplating further "developments." A similar fate befell their ingenious contention that the practices complained of could not be reviewed by the light of the Statutes of Uniformity, seeing that such things as manual acts or gestures, or candle-sticks and censers, could not come within the definition of "rites and ceremonies." They might be parts or "ingredients" of a ceremony, but could not constitute ceremonies *per se*. This not very straightforward plea was neatly countered by the judge's *dictum*, in the case of incense, that as the use of it is not directly enjoined, "to bring in incense at the beginning and remove it at the close of the celebration of the Eucharist is a distinct ceremony." On the other hand, Sir Robert Phillimore emphatically rejected one of the leading arguments set up on behalf of the case for the prosecution. He declined to accept the proposition that the Church of England was invented at the Reformation, and that consequently all doctrines and usages not then expressly enjoined are *ipso facto* prohibited and illegal. That the familiar taunt of Roman controversialists should be accepted by the representatives of the extreme Puritan party in the Church is strange indeed, and we are confident that the judge's declaration on this point will be accepted by the immense majority of English churchmen. Sir Robert quoted an immense body of evidence bearing upon this point, among other testimony being that of Queen Elizabeth, who, when asked to sanction the establishment of Roman Catholic places of worship, rejected the application, alleging her reasons in these remarkable words—"For there was no new faith propagated in England; no religion set up but that which was commanded by our Saviour, practised by the Primitive Church, and unanimously approved by the fathers of the best antiquity." Similarly in 1851, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and twenty bishops, published a statement in which they set forth "the undoubted identity of the Church before and after the Reformation; and that at the Reformation the English Church rejected certain corruptions and established 'one uniform ritual,' but 'without in any degree severing her connection with the ancient Catholic Church.' Another important passage in the judgment deals with the argument from "disuse." It proceeds on the assumption that the non-use of certain practices is fatal to their legality; that no provision of common or statute law could be abrogated by mere non-use, or in any other way but by special repeal. We question now whether a court of law would be the fittest arena for settling the dispute. Persecution has rarely been successful in stamping out a religious movement. In many cases it has endowed it with additional life. It may be questioned if Ritualism would have effected so much progress and have made so many converts if it had been simply left alone. Perhaps the most effectual way of strengthening it against its opponents was for the latter to lecture at it, preach at it, agitate against it, and raise a "fund" of fifty thousand pounds to put it down. We cannot but see that the result of the suit thus far has been damaging to those who commenced it. If the judgment had condemned the St. Alban's clergy on the score of altar lights, even while upholding them on the other four points, it would have been a substantial defeat for the Ritualists. As it is, the practice which is mainly associated with their leading dogma is declared lawful by the highest ecclesiastical court, and their opponents have been the means of eliciting that authoritative testimony. Nevertheless, now that the crusade has been fairly commenced it must be gone on with, and the Ritualists will be effectually stamped out if the great mass of the people set their face against those recreant clergymen who will play at Popish priesthood, though the sin of their teaching stands out glaringly before them. It is for the people to conquer, and they should not delay the conquest. Let the silly crowds who now throng the "High Churches" as they would playhouses, stop away. Nothing will so soon extinguish your Puseyite as cold neglect and empty benches.

THE CZAREWITCH arrived on Thursday night at Nice. He was received by the Prefect, the Mayor, and all the military authorities, as well as by all the Russian ladies sojourning there for the season, who were presented in due form by his own ambassador, Baron de Budberg, who left Paris on Monday to attend upon the Czarewitch. The object of his visit is to be present at the consecration of the church erected on the site of the Villa Bermond, where his brother died. It is some distance from Nice, placed on the side of a mountain, and is surrounded by a grove of orange and lemon trees, and flower gardens laid out with great taste.

PUBLIC OPINION.

MR. DISRAELI'S "DURHAM" LETTER.

MR. DISRAELI has written a "Durham letter." Separate, he virtually says, the Church from the State in Ireland, and Roman Catholicism will, with giant strides, begin to regain the position from which it was cast down three hundred years ago. Encourage Roman Catholicism in Ireland, and it will receive new life in England. Statesmen should be above preaching such nonsense to the country. Mr. Disraeli, in particular, should be above it, when he knows what fountains of prejudice he is striving to unlock. Great part of his life has been spent, and most honourably spent, in battling against religious prejudice. He knows better than almost any other man how strong, how unreasonable, that prejudice often is in England. Remembering the Gordon riots of London, and the faction fights of Ireland, a true English statesman should shrink from raising the cry of "No Popery" as he would shrink from giving the signal for a civil war. We must have no mob legislation. London must not be lighted to a right conclusion by the blaze of burning chapels. If the Irish Church is founded on justice, let it stand. If, on the other hand, it is founded on injustice, if it is a badge of oppression, if for centuries it has cursed Ireland with a disquiet which has required the repressive force of ten thousand men, then we must not be guided by claptrap about Protestant ascendancy, but must declare that as a State Church the Irish Establishment must cease to exist.—*Telegraph*.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

We hope that the majority obtained by Mr. Oway for the abolition of the punishment of flogging in the army in time of peace will be sufficient to deter Sir John Pakington from a second attempt to reverse it. This is not a party question; all parties are equally concerned in maintaining the strictest discipline in the army. We believe in the perfect conscientiousness of the reluctant apologists, whether military or civil, for corporal punishment. But it begs them to reflect upon the peculiar constitution of the British army, to remember the distinction between an army in time of peace and an army in the field in the face of the enemy, to estimate the increasing competition of the labour markets, the growing popular education, and to consider calmly whether for the sake of flogging some seventeen reprobates in the course of a year it is worth while to desecrate a service of honour by a punishment reserved for the most brutal rogues in the gaols. To any soldier worth his salt death will always be a preferable because a less degrading penalty than the lash.—*Daily News*.

LORD STANLEY'S AMENDMENT.

LORD STANLEY is doing much to destroy the confidence which even opponents have not yet withdrawn from him. If he is so prodigal of his reputation as he has lately been, the usual fate of spendthrifts will befall him. He has been living on his capital of character. Every day he will become less and less serviceable for the mean tasks to which his chief devotes him. By the time he has become fit for them his reputation will cease to protect him in them. His object now is to make discussion of the main issue impossible, and if that device fails, to waste time and exhaust the patience of the House on a merely preliminary matter. It is a repetition of the hereditary policy of "dishing the Whigs." Evasion and procrastination—these with Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet are the whole art of government. How long will the country bear with the substitution of the tricks of parliamentary management for real statesmanship?—*Daily News*.

BANKRUPTCY REFORM.

It should be clearly understood that no release, of whatever stringency, in an arrangement deed should bind non-assenting creditors to forego the liability of the insolvent's future estate. Still less is there any justification for the 358th and 359th clauses, which give power to three-fourths of the creditors, at any time after a bankruptcy or after an arrangement expressly reserving the liability of future property, to release to the bankrupt not only their own claims, but also those of the dissentient creditors. There is no reason whatever why the large creditors who may be friends of the insolvent should be allowed to be generous at the cost of the other creditors. When the estate is deficient it is clearly better for the entire body of creditors that there should be a fair distribution among them than that they should race to tear up what is left of the estate. These provisions can never remain in their present form, and, indeed, the whole of this division of the bill will need to be remodelled. And it is obvious that it can be remodelled only in one sense. Nothing but the liability of the insolvent's future estate, not to this or that ultra-diligent creditor, but to the whole body as represented by their trustee, can balance the enormous advantages given by other clauses in this bill to a fraudulent compounder. The proposal that an arrangement deed when executed is to be stamped with the approval of the Court of Bankruptcy once for all, and from that moment is not to be questioned—however gross its fraud or injustice—on any account whatever is obviously unwise and unjust.—*Saturday Review*.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The money market has been more active for the last ten days than for a considerable time before, and the rates given have been higher; but it is unlikely there will be any great changes. This is one of the seasons of the year when the money market always tends to be dear for the moment. A great deal of money accumulates in the "public deposits" of the Bank of England, to be paid out again when the dividends become due, and this always makes the outer market dear. For many of the best bills, what is called the minimum of the Bank of England is a sort of maximum. When the Lombard-street market is full, there is no difficulty in getting some one to underbid the Bank; but when Lombard-street is bare, bill-brokers are not so ready; the rate of the outer market rises, and some extra persons must resort to the Bank, which will not charge less than its own minimum. It is said by some persons that there is "more doing," and that trade is reviving. But, as far as one can learn, the increase of demand, such as there is, seems to be rather "financial" than mercantile, strictly speaking; and one cannot expect, after late lessons, that a financial demand will run to any such extent as to change greatly the value of money. The rise in the value of cotton has two effects—first, it causes an increase of demand for bullion, as a means of payment to the East. But in the present state of bullion stocks of the Banks of France and England, it is not likely that any probable Oriental efflux will much change the value of money. The second effect is that of slightly stimulating the mercantile demand. High prices make dear money, that is, the amount of money borrowed in times when money is dear is much larger than in times when money is cheap; the amount borrowed to hold the raw material is larger, because it is always a certain proportion of the price of such material, and the amount required for the discount of bills is also larger, because those bills are drawn for larger amounts.—*Economist*.

ASSISTANCE TO THE WOUNDED IN BATTLE.—The International Society for the Assistance of the Wounded on the Field of Battle intends to give a *lotto* in aid of its funds, on the 25th April, at the Grand Opera at Paris. A grand box of 80 seats will be constructed on the first tier for the diplomatic body. The departments of War and Marine will furnish the flags and trophies for the entertainment, in which will join all the Powers of Europe and of the two Americas. This manifestation, organised under the auspices of the Princess de Metternich, will thus be presided over by the ambassadors of all nations. The price of admission is to be high, but the object in view and the attraction promised assure an enormous receipt.

LITERATURE.

"A Memoir of the Services of Lieutenant-General Sir S. Ford Whittingham." Longmans and Co.

Such a book as this is will be best judged of by samples. Here is an incident of the war in Spain, in 1809, when Whittingham had some Spanish cavalry under his command:

"Amongst the variety of incidents of this exciting day, an occurrence took place which we all deeply lamented. A remarkably fine young woman, apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, was making her escape from Mora in an open carriage, belonging to the French General commanding. Some of our cavalry attempted to arrest her progress. She immediately fired a pistol at the nearest soldier, and in return received from him a *coup de sabre* which almost divided her head from her body. In a moment she was stripped with that dexterity peculiar to soldiers, and her body left on the road."

A narrow escape of "Sir Arthur's" is thus told:

"I had galloped to the Talavera to report the result of the cavalry movements to Sir Arthur, when a staff officer came in from General Mackenzie—whose division occupied a wood on our extreme left—to say that the division had been surprised; that one regiment had given way, and that all was confusion and dismay! In a moment, the General was in his saddle, and in full gallop towards the spot. We advanced into the midst of our skirmishers. The fire was hot, and the enemy rapidly approaching. Sir Arthur leaped off his horse, and scrambled up the wall of an old ruin close at hand. But he was obliged to throw himself down on his hands and knees, and to remount instantly; for the enemy's sharpshooters had nearly surrounded the building, and a minute's delay would have constituted him prisoner."

King Ferdinand had a valuable general in our hero, and for years of excellent service he gave him a mosaic snuff-box. When the King entered Madrid in 1814, after his captivity, his reception was enthusiastic:

"Nothing can give a true picture of the enthusiastic joy manifested by the people of Madrid on seeing their beloved Sovereign once again amongst them. A young man some manola came close to the head of my chariot, and shouted with a most audible voice, 'Mayst thou be blessed, Ferdinand of my soul; Thou shalt be an absolute King, and thou art always to do whatever may be thy royal pleasure; and if it be thy will to tread us under thy royal feet, thy will and pleasure shall be our only law. This anecdote brings to my mind a circumstance which occurred during my march from Saragossa to the frontier of Aragon, to meet the King. I had received my billet in the house of a most respectable yeoman, and after supper he stated his bitter incapacity to comprehend the meaning of the doubts and difficulties which seemed to be generally felt. 'Whilst thy master was absent,' said he, 'I understand very well that thy head servants must act in his name; but now that thy master has returned home, what have the servants to do but to obey his orders?'

A little sketch of the King is not ineffective:

"Ferdinand does not appear to have been a man of bad natural disposition, and he was certainly very amiable in private life. But his narrow and bigoted education, and his want of discernment, incapacitated him from being a good ruler, and his reign was mainly tolerated on account of his personal popularity amongst the mass of his subjects, especially of the lower orders. This feeling the King appears to have cultivated in a manner resembling that of our Charles II., minus, however, the immorality, for his Majesty was a very good husband. Sir Samford used to relate how Ferdinand, when handing his beautiful Queen Christina into the royal carriage, would turn round smilingly on the loyal crowd, and observe familiarly to them, 'Is she not a fine woman?'

If our readers would refresh their memories touching the *fiasco* at Buenos Ayres, to read which now is almost as exasperating as the first intelligence of that disaster must have been to contemporary Englishmen,—and if they have curiosity about incidents of military life in various parts of the world, they will find their account by looking into these memoirs of a gallant old English soldier.

"The Story of the Irish before the Conquest, from the Mythical Period to the Invasion under Strongbow." By M. C. Ferguson. Bell and Daldy.

It is pleasant to report of the book before us that it seems to possess almost every quality that could be desired in a book of its class. To a certain extent the sources upon which the author has drawn are in MS., and whether she has made the best use of them is a point that can only be settled by acquaintance with the manuscripts themselves. But it is a strong ground of presumption in her favour that there is scarcely a page of this volume which is not full of interest and suggestion for the student of human nature, for the poet and the ethnologist.

Few of the legends given in the volume are isolated. On the contrary, one story flows into another, so that the full interest of each can only be appreciated by the reader who has mastered the series. It is difficult therefore to convey a fair idea of the work by quotation. Here, however, is a brief extract from the events of what Mrs. Ferguson calls "the heroic period":

"But before we continue the history of Queen Maeve, we must advert to certain causes which in the meantime had induced the ex-king of Ulster to seek an asylum at the court of Crusoe. We have already alluded to his abdication in favour of his stepson, Conor. This young prince, as he grew up, tarnished his great qualities by cruelty and treachery. He had educated a beautiful damsel, keeping her secluded from all mankind till she should be of age to become his wife. Her name, Deirdre, signifying 'alarm,' had been bestow'd at her birth by the Druid Cathbad, and was prophetic of the long train of conflict and disaster to which her charms give rise. Notwithstanding the precautions of Conor, she saw and loved Naisi, the son of Uspach. He was sitting in the midst of the plain of Emania, playing on a harp. Sweet was the music of the sons of Uspach—great also was their prowess; they were fleet as hounds in the chase—they slew deer with their speed. As Naisi sat singing on the plain of Emania he perceived a maiden approaching him. She held down her head as she neared him, and would have passed in silence. 'Gentle is the damsel who passeth by,' said Naisi.—'Then the maiden, looking up, replied, 'Damsels may well be gentle when there are no youths.' Then Naisi knew it was Deirdre, and great dread fell upon him. 'The king of the province is betrothed to these damsels,' he said.—'I love him not,' she replied, 'he is a good man. I would rather love a youth like thee.'—Say not so, oh damsel,' said Naisi, 'the king is a better spouse than the king's servant.'—'Thou sayest so,' said Deirdre, 'but thou mayest avoid me.' Then plucking a rose from a briar, she flung it towards him, and said, 'Now thou art ever disgraced if thou rejects me.'—'Depart from me, I beseech thee, damsel,' said Naisi.—'If thou dost not take me to be thy wife,' said Deirdre, 'thou art disgraced before all the men of thy country after what I have done.' Then Naisi said no more, and Deirdre took the harp, and sat beside him playing sweetly. But the other sons of Uspach, rushing forth, came running to the spot where Naisi sat and Deirdre with him. 'Alas!' they cried, 'what hast thou done, oh brother? Is not this damsel fated to ruin Ulster?'—'I am disgraced before the men of Erin for ever,' said Naisi, 'if I take her after that which she hath done.'—'Evil will come of it,' said the brothers.—'I care not,' said Naisi, 'I would rather be in misfortune than in dishonour; we will fly with her to another

country.' So that night they departed, taking with them three times fifty men of might, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants, and Naisi took Deirdre to be his wife."

The following quotation, relating to a distant period, will show by how slight a spark

"The rich blood of kings is set on fire":—

"Maelmura, King of Leinster, had received a fancied insult at Kincora, at the hands of Murrough, son of Brian, who was playing at chess. Maelmura summoned a meeting, which notified the prince, who remarked that it was no wonder that the Danes had been beaten at Glen Mama, since they followed the advice of so bad a strategist. 'I will give them counsel which caused their defeat in that conflict,' said Maelmura, 'I shall now give them another counsel, whereby, in their turn, they shall defeat you.'—'Have the yew-tree made ready, then, for yourself,' rejoined Murrough, in taunting allusion to Maelmura's place of concealment, out of which he had himself plucked the King of Leinster after the rout consequent on that battle. Maelmura's sister, Gormley, had also previously reproached him for being Brian's vassal, when he sought her aid in the silver button on a gold broderied silken tunic which Brian had given him. The Leinster prince, in conveying three pine-masts to Kincora, had, on the ascent of a boggy mountain, given his personal assistance in moving the timber, and in so doing had wrenched the button from his tunic. Gormley, instead of repairing it, threw the garment into the fire, uttering, as she did so, expressions of disdain at the subserviency of Maelmura. Stung by these accumulated insults, Maelmura hastily left Kincora, proclaiming his determination to seek redress in arms. Thus, the reproaches of a woman, and the thoughtless pugnacity of a chess-player, kindled the flame of war throughout Ireland."

"Bible Animals," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, Part III. (Longmans), treats of the hyena, weasel, ferret, badger, bear, hedgehog, bittern, porcupine, mole, mouse, and hare. Mr. Wood thinks that the covering of the Tabernacle was the skin of the common badger.

As we predicted at the commencement, this work is taking the character of a valuable contribution to our knowledge of natural history.

"The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" (Ward, Lock, and Tyler), is, as usual, full of practical and advice to ladies on the art of dressing well. "Helen's Dower" increases in interest.

"The Broadway." (London: Routledge.) Under the able editorship of Mr. Edmund Bonfield, this popular magazine maintains its reputation. The illustrations are of a high class. The "New York Press" is a very interesting article. Mr. Sala, the author of "The Paddington Pageant," has a good paper on "Trotting and Sleighing in New York." We do not altogether approve of Mr. Hollingshead's article on "Theatrical Management," but it should be read. Mr. Sterry writes prettily, as usual, in "Gauges d'Amour." "The Earlier History of Nova Scotia," "Chutana," and "Edgar's Wife," complete this magazine, which thoroughly maintains its international character.

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography," No. IV. (Ward and Lock), takes us down to the letter "P" and bids fair to be the best gazetteer ever published.

"Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management," No. II. (Ward and Lock), initiates us into the mysteries of the culinary art, from fried hamsteaks to asparagus sauce.

"Secrets of the Tiffs" or "How I Won The Derby," by Bracebridge-Hemyng. (C. H. Clarke, Paternoster-row.) A very readable book, full of spirited dialogue. The interest is well sustained throughout, and the characters, all of whom are drawn from nature, are well placed before the reader.

"Cornhill" is not a very good number this month. There is a new story, entitled "Lady Denzil," which sadly lacks interest. The last paper in the magazine is one on "New York and San Francisco." Some of the figures in relation to New York will astonish a good many people in this country. A dreary paper is that on "Surnames" in England and Wales.

"Once a Week" still continues Messrs. Reade and Boncrichton's "Foul Play." It is a wonderful piece of sensational writing. Every chapter increases the interest of the story.

"St. Paul's," "Phineas Finn," progresses, and the reader is taken into new and interesting scenes. "Paul Gosslett's Confession" is a capital sketch. The article on the "Panslavist Revival in East Europe" is worth reading, and those who take an interest in horse racing will do well to read the article on that subject.

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"The Easter Annual," published by Thomas Murby, contains some very capital stories, one of which, entitled "The Soul Trap," is by Mr. James Greenwood.

"Hampstead Square" is a good number this month. The contributors to it are Leesburg-Wely, Virginia Gabriel, Henry W. Goodwin, Alberto Randecker, Campbell Clarke, and Christina Rossetti.

"The Quiver" and "Cassell's Magazine." The former contains two articles of special interest, one on the "Explorations

for some time in progress in the Holy Land," the other on the "Livingstone Scotch Expedition," by Mr. Bates, of the Royal Geographical Society.

"The Sunday at Home" has a very interesting biography of the late Rev. Dr. Marsh; and its companion, "The Leisure Hour," papers on the "Curiosities of Lambeth," "M. Rouher, the French Statesman," and others more or less instructive and interesting.

"Satisfaction."—On Monday, at the Huddersfield County Court, an action was brought by Catherine Hudson, to recover

possession of a farm at Hoyland, Metherham, rented by J. W. Redfern from Charlotte Marsden, the plaintiff. Mr. Learyd was for the plaintiff, and handed some deeds to the judge, showing that the farm originally belonged to the grandfather of Mrs. Marsden, that

on his death her mother had it, on whose death her brother suc-

ceeded and his sisters followed him; but the property having been

mortgaged was sold by the mortgagees to the plaintiff, who now

sought to recover possession. The judge, having examined the

deeds, said the defendant would have to give up possession when

the signatures of the deeds were proved, and he should adjourn the

case for the production of evidence as to the deeds if Mrs. Marsden

would not admit them. Mrs. Marsden declined to admit anything.

His Honour informed her that she would have to pay the costs of

the witness when the case was completely heard, as the deeds

showed she had no right to the farm. If he did not admit the

deeds it would only be so much more money out of her pocket

Mrs. Marsden: "Well, it'll be satisfaction to th' yed. I have so

much money to make away, and I don't care how it is made away."

The case was then adjourned.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS

The last concert at the Tuilleries did not take place as usual on Monday; it was put off to the following evening, because the Emperor and Empress wished to entertain a family party to celebrate the anniversary of the Prince Imperial's birth.

But the concert suffered nothing by the delay; it was an admirable one.

Mdlle. Nilsson sang her national airs charmingly, and as the concluded them murmur of admiration ran through the assembly. This youthful northern songstress, with her fair pale complexion and large blue eyes, has a peculiar style of beauty not easy to describe, and the toilette she wore at the Court concert harmonised well with it. The dress was rich white faille, and over it there was a white satin tunic edged with blonde; a mauve satin sash was tied at the side, and at the left of the bodice there was a small bouquet of Parma violets. The necklace was a single row of large pearls.

The effect of the Salle des Maréchaux was very splendid, filled as it was with an exquisitely attired audience, brilliant with diamonds and gay with flowers. The Empress was in half mourning, and her dress was composed as follows:—White tulle skirt covered with a second skirt, likewise of tulle, but studded over with large black dots; a black silk tunic looped up à la Marie Antoinette, and bordered with Chantilly lace. This tunic was fastened high up at the back with bows of black silk, and at the sides with large bows of diamonds; a black silk sash with falling loops and wide ends fell on the back of the skirt. The bodice was trimmed with Chantilly lace and jet. The headdress consisted of a long black feather turned to fall at the back of the head, and in front very brilliant diamonds glistened and shone dazzlingly whenever her Majesty turned her head. The necklace was black velvet, with small diamond flowers mounted on it.

As the Court is in half mourning on account of the death of the late ex-King Louis of Bavaria, almost all the dresses were white, and trimmed in a much richer and more magnificent style than that for a state ball. Besides, the concerts are never crowded, and the toilettes are seen to much greater advantage when there is no distracting crush. Princess de Metternich wore a pearl-grey faille dress, covered with white tulle, laminated with silver; sleeves à l'anglaise of similar tulle descended very low on skirt; round the throat a necklace of black velvet, besides a necklace of four rows of pearls. The Princess's hair was arranged very simply—two long curls at the back, and no ornaments or flowers of any description in addition.

The Marchioness de Gallifet, who looked as pretty as any crayon by Latour, wore an agrafe of lilac acacias in her fair hair, amethyst ornaments, a white tulle dress made with enormous paniers, and trimmed with plaited mauve silk and wreaths of lilac acacia. The tulle tunic was looped up at the left side with sprays of acacia; wide mauve silk sash.

The Countess Pernette wore white satin with a wide black satin sash covered with exquisite white point d'Angleterre tied at the back, flat berthe of similar lace, likewise lined with black satin, ornamented the bodice. Black velvet necklace, studded with small shells in diamonds, besides another necklace, consisting of several rows of small jet beads that covered the entire chest, and hung low over the front of the bodice. This latter style of necklace is very fashionable for the moment; it is called the "Sardanapalus" necklace in Paris, and I believe goes by the name of the "Alexandra" on the other side of the Channel. It consists of several rows of extremely small beads, so strung and arranged as to form a deep festoon in front of the low bodice.

The Countess Walewska wore a white faille dress covered with tulle; the skirt was trimmed with four sash ends of white tulle bordered with black. The head-dress consisted of a chignon of light curls and a plait arranged as a coronet, and ornamented at intervals with diamond flowers. The Countess's youthful and very graceful daughter wore a white tulle dress with a wide black sash fastened at the back.

The Countess de Pourtales might have been a lady of the Court of Marie Antoinette from the style of her toilette. The dress was black faille, cut exactly à la Louis XVI., the sleeves ornamental with a sabot of black lace, low square bodice with wide box-plaits, called rideaux, at the back. This dress was looped up over a white bouillonné skirt, ornamented with black silk ruches. The hair was very high and full over the temples, and a bow of black lace with a single lappet fell over the chignon. The effect was extremely pretty and picturesque.

Mme. Garatti, who was in attendance upon the Empress, wore a white satin dress, with diamond and pearl ornaments; a diamond aigrette over her forehead.

I also remarked among the audience Princess Poniatowski in a white tulle dress, the bouillonné sown cross-way on the skirt; her hair arranged as a chignon, simply rolled like any school girl of the middle ages might have worn it; at each side of the chignon two very long light ringlets.

Baronne de Pailly, in white tulle (several skirts one over the other), and a mauve satin tunic at the top. The tunic was trimmed with wide satin straps, bordered with white blonde, and corded with mauve satin. A sort of trident in diamonds for head-dress.

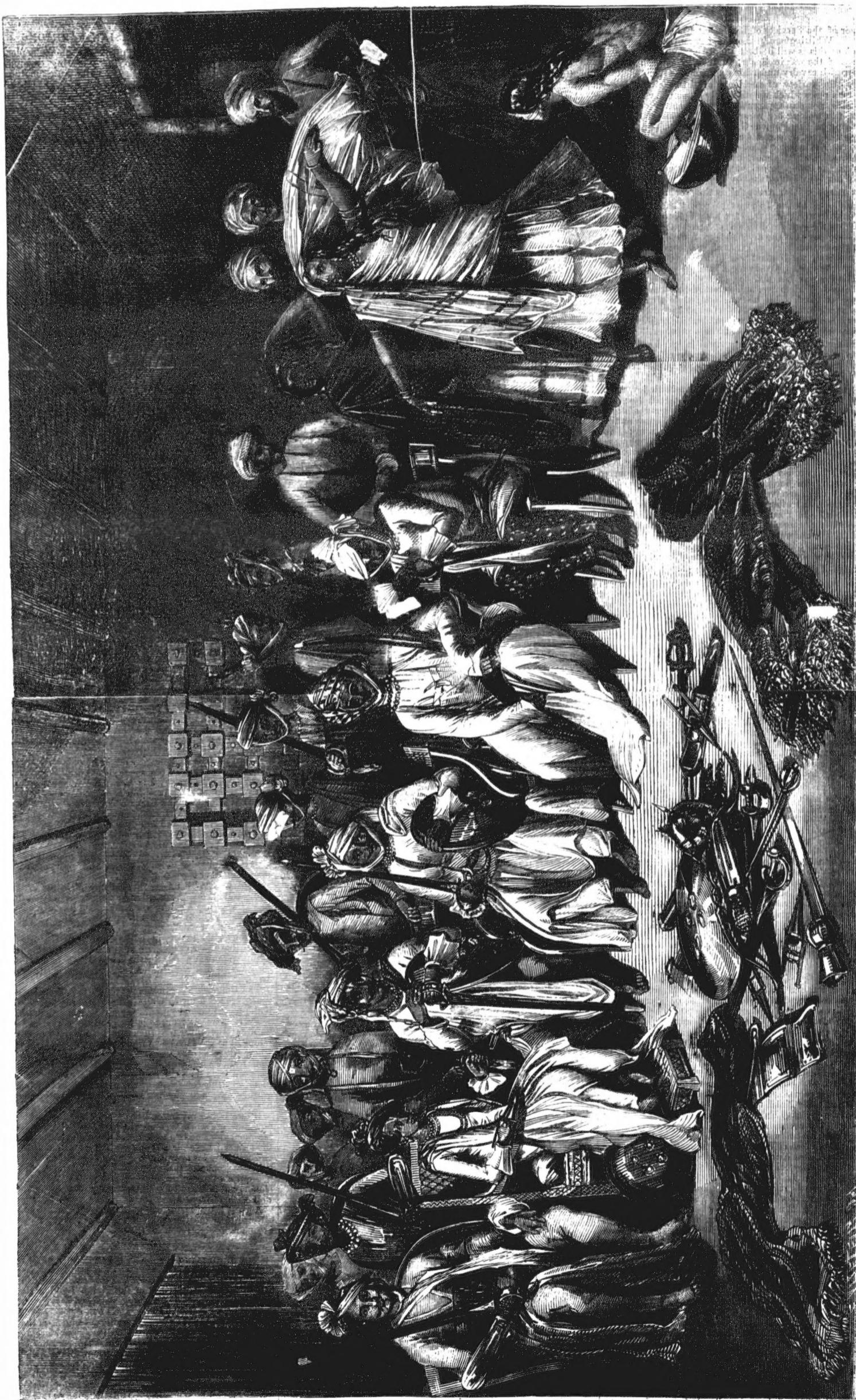
The Countess Fernandina wore white faille, with a white tulle tunic, looped up with white gros grain rosettes. Black velvet bows, with diamond stars in the centre, for head-dress.

There were two other large concerts given last week. On Saturday the upper ten thousand were divided between the entertainment at the Hotel de Ville, and that at the Ministry of Marine, where the celebrated Vivier performed, and the Swedish songstress won fresh laurels by singing several airs from "Hamlet." Between each song this fair northern lady retired to an adjoining room, and the celebrities of the evening flocked to offer their congratulations, and pay her homage. Apparently she has won all hearts.

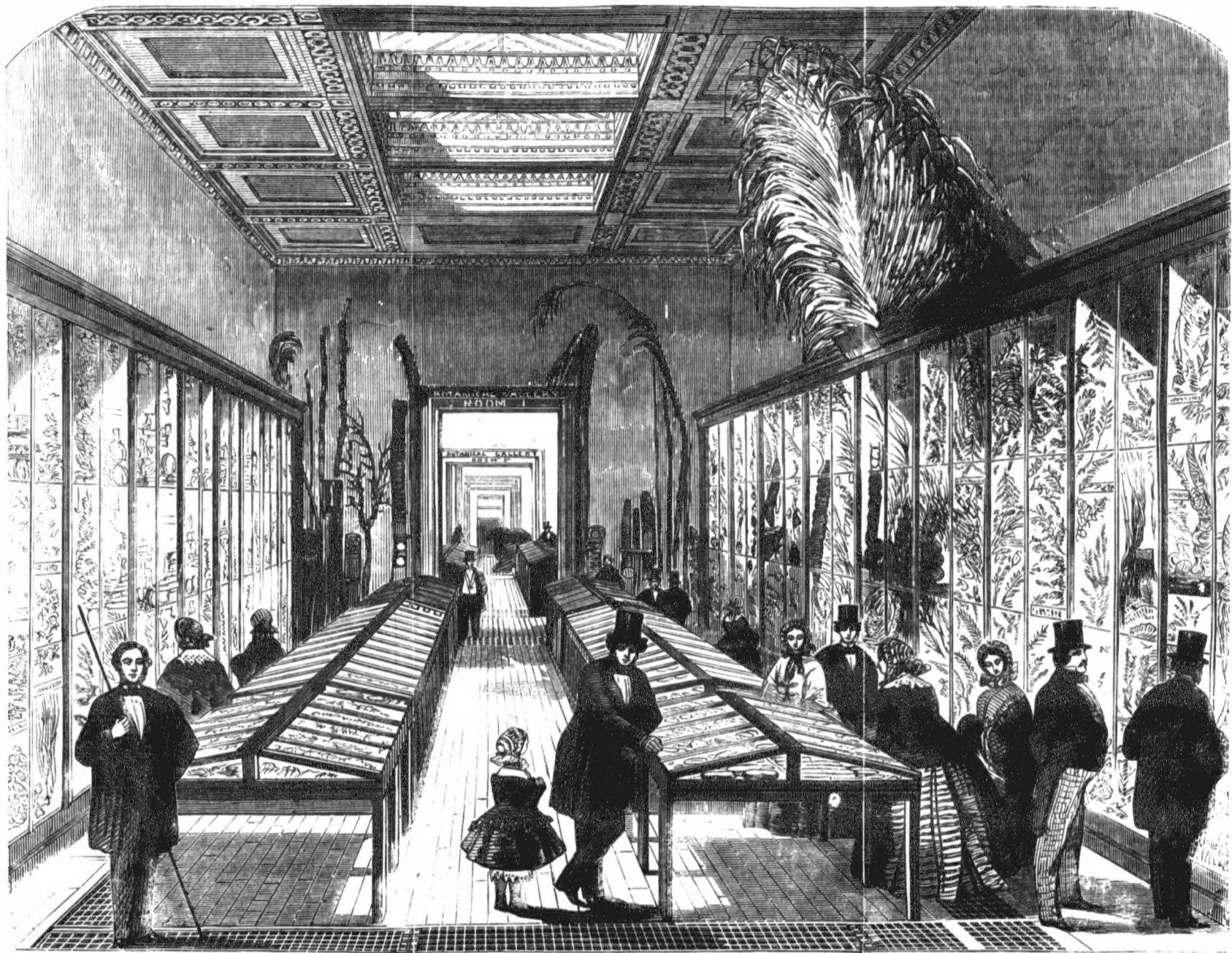
Before I close my letter I must say a word about bonnets. The novelties are worn high on the head, and the lace is quilled à la Maintenon. The two new forms are called Léa and Soubise. Of the former I have already written; it is a mantille composed of two wide scarves of Spanish blonde, which are fastened in front by a bow, and are tied at the back of the waist. The Soubise is not quite so eccentric looking, and is likewise made of Spanish blonde, but is trimmed with lophophore feathers, which harmonise well with the new flame colour at present so fashionable.

A great many bonnets are made half of gauze and half of tulle, selected to match the colour of the dress; mauve and Metternich green are in high favour.—Queen.

THE WHISTLING OF AN ENGINE.—An inquest has been held on the body of a gentleman, who was killed in consequence of his horse taken flight at the whistling of an engine as it passed over the Camden-street bridge of the North London Railway. The deceased, it appeared, was riding a spirited horse which had before exhibited signs of impatience. He had recovered his control over it, however, when suddenly a train rushed across the bridge, with the whistle blowing, upon which the horse started off, and in its headlong course stumbled and fell with its rider under it. The unfortunate man was picked up in a state of insensibility, and died from fracture of the skull. The bridge parapet was said to be so low as to permit the handles of the carriage doors to be seen from the street. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," with a special finding as to the unsatisfactory state of the bridge.



THE COURT OF AN INDIAN RAJAH.



THE BOTANICAL GALLERY, BRITISH MUSEUM.

The Paddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

SEEKING FORTUNE.

Two hundred and ten miles to London; and a day nearly consumed in telling out the first ten! Dusty tramps, travel-stained tinkers, slatternly women, imbecile sheep, morose pigs, absorbed cows, phlegmatic horses, rattling stage-coaches, lumbering wagons and market-carts, semi-barbarous children, labourers too tired to talk, ale-wives clamorous for cash before resigning the cooling mug into the eager hands of the "thirsty soul," and shrilly repeating that "poor Trust was dead;" gipsies sometimes abusive and sometimes simply repulsive in their whining importunities or insidious proposals to open sibylline books in travel-stained palms; farmers, and farmers' wives, too proud in the high estate of their jogging chaise-carts to notice the walking wayfarer: these were Philip Leslie's travelling companions. And the shillings from the guinea melted away like wax before the fire: and Time seemed to have dumb-bells tied beneath his wings, so slowly did he fly from milestone to milestone.

Two hundred and ten miles to London; but the monotonous tale of daily miles had been exhausted, re-commenced, and exhausted again, time after time. Four days and nights (the latter passed, some in friendly hay-ricks, and some on hard cottage-pallets) had elapsed, and nearly one hundred miles had been wiped off from the tremendous distance-score arrayed against Philip Leslie.

It was nearly the dusk of the evening as he toiled along a high embankment by the weary wayside; the eventide, *entre chien et loup*—“between dog and wolf”—as the French peasants characterised the mysterious season of twilight. The Painter was full of thought, deep sunk in memories of days that were dead, but whose ghosts came now to haunt him. One hundred and ten miles to London! Should he ever, he wondered, reach London at all?

He heard the rattle of wheels behind him.

He did not hear much—it was a stage-coach, probably he thought: the sound, the rattle, was too rapid for a wagon. Yet it was too light for the Liverpool “Wonder,” or the Manchester “Highflyer,” too. He raised his head, which had been bent chock-wards, and with a languid curiosity looked at the vehicle, which, from the louder rattle, he knew now must be immediately in his rear.

It turned out to be a yellow post-chaise, and it whirled by him at the utmost speed of the horses, scattering the evening dust, and confounding the evening birds, which flew aloft and wheeled about the disturbing equipage in screaming tumult.

There was nothing so particularly deserving of notice in the sudden apparition of a post-chaise burning the King's Highway at dusk, and at full speed. It might have been a young couple running away from their parents, or a merchant running away from his creditors, or a lawyer hunting a rich client, or a doctor hastening to a rich patient, and determined to be in at the death.

But there was this remarkable in the rattling carriage, that as it

gained on Philip Leslie, reached him, passed him, and left him far behind, there came upon him, with lightning rapidity, the panorama of a post-chaise window, and that at the window, leaning out, and gazing at him, as he thought with eager interest, there was the face of Manuelita the dancer, niece of Juan Manuel Harispe, who kept the *Fonda*, and was addicted to the use of the knife.

There could be no mistaking about the girl's face. Philip saw it plainly, distinctly, though only for a moment, with its pretty hair and large, clear, wistful eyes. But he was not so certain as to Manuelita's companion, and could not, for the life of him, discern who that muffled figure was that sate back in the chaise, and had on a cap with somewhat of an undress military appearance about it.

Two hundred and ten miles to London: (one century of the sum abolished) nine days' and nine nights'-worth of life—sand poured from the upper into the lower cone of the hour-glass, and the journey was over, and Philip Leslie was, for the first time in his life, in Babylon the Great—in London, with one-and-eight-pence in his pocket, and the “Cottage-door” as a reserve, for personal property.

He had come into London by Pinner, Edgware, Kilburn, and Paddington, and was so ignorant of the *conditio vicendi* of the town, that he imagined he could form no better first-sight acquaintance with London than by walking to London Bridge; so toiling through the town, amazed and almost stupefied at its vastness, down Holborn, up Newgate Street, up Cheapside, he found himself upon that bridge of Size—the “Sighs” belong to Waterloo.

Half-an-hour's wandering convinced him that though he was now face to face with the great, rampant, sweltering life in London, it was not that phase of metropolitan existence which he desiderated. For the poor fellow, drowning in the great sea of poverty, was clutching desperately at that last straw of salvation, the “Cottage-door,” and he looked anxiously up and down all the streets in the vicinity of the bridge in the endeavour to find a picture-dealer to whom he might sell his canvas-treasure, even for a few shillings.

Picture-dealers on London Bridge, among lighters, panting steamers, wharves, colliers, high chimneys, barges, and hay-boats! Picture-dealers in swarming Thames Street, among sugar-casks, brewers' drays, piles of dried sprats, mounds of kippered salmon, and kegs of whisky! Picture-dealers in High Street, Borough, or in Tooley Street, among hop-factors and marine slop-sellers! He found, indeed, one porcupine dealer in works of art in King William Street, who had two staring landscapes in tawdry sham-gilt frames slung over his shoulders, one in front and one behind; but he sold and did not buy pictures; and a glance at his coarsely-daubed wares gave Leslie anything but a favourable impression of the state of artistic taste in London. There was a real picture-dealer's shop, too, in the street of William the King—a street then new, and considered very palatial; into which shop, with many misgivings, the painter entered; but the proprietor, a fat gentleman of the Jewish disposition, wearing a profusion of jewellery, dealt in cigars and Turkish pipes as well as pictures, and shook his head very ominously when Philip tendered the “Cottage-door” for sale. Although if what Philip had to sell

had suited his market he would have bought it, as he would have bought a Cashmere shawl, an ourang-outang, a cargo of carbonate of soda, or the Koh-i-noor diamond.

“Vatchyeasch?” inquired the proprietor.

Philip, managing to comprehend that the Hebrew gentleman wanted to know what he asked for his picture, hesitatingly suggested two pounds ten shillings.

“Itsh vay theep, vay theep indeed, ma tear,” said the proprietor (who must have been quite fresh from Judea, so rich and mellifluous was his talmudical brogue); “itsh a beautiful pictures—beautiful! But it isn't in ma line, ma tear.”

Philip bungled out the expression of a lame hope that he might find it in his line; but the proprietor shook his head again.

“You're from the country, eh? he asked.

Philip was from the country.

“Now, don't ye vant some prime Havannah thigars, now?” asked the dealer, with a bland smile and insinuating manner; “they're real cabannah—beautiful thigars—and the theep!”

Philip despairingly explained that he was lost in London; that he was almost destitute; that his only chance of succour was in the sale of his picture. The dealer was like the majority of his co-religionists, a civil fellow, and willing to do any one a service—that didn't cost him any thing. He didn't buy Philip Leslie's picture; but he told him he had better “try Wardour Street,” where there were “loath of dealerth,” who would give him at least something for his “Cottage-door.” And so, wandering afresh, and wandering, wandering, wandering—now forgetting the topographical directions given to him by the courteous Israelite—now taking wrong turnings—now mis-directed—now gaining the right road for a moment, and then losing it again—the Painter came at last into Oxford Street—“stony-hearted step-mother”—and so at last into that famous repository of things out of date—Wardour Street.

The Rag Fair of Art, as the mouldy thoroughfare may be called, was in its glory then; and Philip was quite bewildered by the number of old curiosity shops and picture-dealers, and by the miscellaneous nature of their contents. It seemed as though all Vanity Fair had been sold up the day before yesterday, and the odds-and-ends of the auction had been transported here, *en masse*. He entered one establishment, at last, hap-hazard, attracted by the preponderance of pictures in its windows over the heterogeneous masses of furniture, armour, old china, and other *bric-à-brac* which crowded the neighbouring shops.

He was not, at the best of time, a very pushing or importunate fellow, and he stood at least ten minutes in a remote corner of the warehouse, unnoticed, silent, and abashed, not so much by the presence of the well-to-do Wardour Street tradesman, as by that of a lady—young, beautiful, and richly dressed—who was closely examining a picture, and to whom he conjectured a carriage at the door, with footmen in handsome liveries, must belong.

Pending the condescension of the proprietor of the repository to ascertain the object of his visit, he employed himself in taking a survey of the shop itself. He was an artist, and loved art for its own sake; but the course of his love, true as it was, had hitherto run any thing but smoothly. His lines had been cast in the most unpleasant places; and the mistress he adored had been of the coyest, the cruellest, and the most capricious. She had been to him even as

the odalisque of some haughty Eastern pacha to a despised Feringhee: kept in strict seclusion; and the stray glimpses he had been enabled to catch of her beauty, and the furtive touches he had been permitted to enjoy of her hand, had been through a harem-lattice, or as the lumbering arabs, jealously screened with curtains, only from time to time slowly averted, had borne her to her caïque, or to the valley of Sweet Waters, or as, enveloped in *yashmak* and *shintyan*, she had perambulated the dusky avenues of the Bezesteen, or threaded the mazy avenues of Stamboul on her way to the bath. Pardon the metaphor, for it has a foundation in truth. Of all fair women, Art is the most difficult of access. How many know her only through soiled prints peered at through shop-windows, or through cracked plaster-casts exhibited among pots and kettles at second-hand stalls? Yet these pauper devotees, these modest admirers, who, like the *Faunenacht*, dare not name the lady of their love, but only hope their love will be requited, have as heartfelt an adoration for the enshrined beautiful, as those who sigh in golden boudoirs, and pour out their vows beneath silken canopies.

The show in the Wardour Street merchant's repository, to those accustomed to wander through the museums of kings and the galleries of peers, rich in art-treasures which money could scarcely buy, and which money would never replace, might not have proved either a very rich or a very interesting one, but to Philip Leslie, who, in his wandering life, had only met with Art by the wayside, and Art in a garbled, translated form, the picture-dealer's store seemed a galaxy of pictorial splendour, which amazed and dazzled and delighted him. He had never seen so many or such good pictures collected together at one time. To him the master-pieces of the departed great ones of the easel seemed to be here. He took all the pictures cheerfully for granted as genuine. Yonder portrait must be a Reynolds, yonder sea-piece a Vandervelde; this Dutch *fête* a genuine Teniers, that smirking postal an undoubted Greuze; the mountain-path to the right bore unmistakably the touch of Salvator, the cows were all by Cuyp, the pigs by Morland, the goats by Karl du Jardin, the birch-brooms by Hlieris, the water-falls by Wilson, the nymphs by Etty, the sombre, capuchined monks by Zurbaran, the noble Spanish cavaliers by Velasquez, the churches by Steinwyck, the dogs and wild boars by

galee pearl and shell-work, and diminutive deities in painted and gilded clay.

When I say he had no eyes for these, I am right. He let them pass as mere upholstery; but were I to say that he had no eyes for *any* thing save the pictures, I am to a certain extent in error. He had eyes for one other object—the beautiful young lady who was talking to the dealer—though, even for that matter, it might have been said that she was a picture too, and I should be right again.

"You ask a great deal too much for your landscape, Mr. Undervamp," she said, with a pretty toss of the head. "Five guineas would be quite sufficient for such a mere sketch."

The merchant was glibly pouring out mingled excuses and protestations that the picture had cost him all the money—within a few shillings—which he demanded for it; that he really did not know whether he should not be a loser by the bargain, that the work was exceedingly cheap, etcetera, etcetera; but his fair customer, not heeding his verbiage, it seemed, much, swept past him to the window, and holding the picture to the light, declared that five guineas were a great deal too much for it; and that it was not worth more than three, at the utmost. Beautiful as she was, the lady was evidently expert at making a bargain.

As for the bargainer, if I am to continue the quotation of art prices, she was worth any number of thousand golden guineas, at the very least. So, at all events, thought Philip Leslie.

CHAPTER XXXIII. HOPE IN THE NIGHT.

LET him stand forth who declares that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. Let him declare it, and I will answer him, and tell him that he is a nimby. I grant the "Venus" of Milo, the "Venus" of Correggio and Titian. I grant the statue that stands in the Pitti Palace in Florence, and so standing "enchantes the world." But the beauty of these fair ones is ideal; and ideality clothes them as with a rich garment. The beauty of flesh and blood and civilised life cannot be so idealised; it would be *contra bonos mores* were it to be so. Not only must it have a *toilette*, but it must be of the very best—the richest in material that the looms of Spitalfields, or Lyons, or Broussas, can send out, the most

Philip had hoped, and the discovery of his error caused him to be angered for a moment—but very dark, earnest, grey orbs, with lashes that dropped like the fringes of a balaquin over a catafalque—mournful eyes, that made you sigh—dreamy eyes, that made you wonder—stern eyes, sometimes, that made you tremble. What care I if the rosy blush on her cheek were due to rouge, if the arches of her eyebrows had been cunningly pencilled, if the rubies of her lips had received the last lapidary's polish from the hands of a subtle abigail? I was not—Philip had not been—at her dressing-table to see; and what the eye had not seen, the heart had no need to grieve at. Her eyes were not painted (I have heard that the Eastern ladies can and do paint them); her hair, her teeth, her dimpled chin; her tiny ears, with their small lobes quivering almost to pain beneath the weight of the massive earrings, but resigned to their fate, as if knowing that in order to be beautiful we must suffer; her slender neck, rising and falling beneath the yoke of a jewelled collar (for necklaces had not quite gone out of fashion two-and-twenty years ago)—surely these things were not due to art. She could scarcely have put her hands into lemon-squeezers to make them small, or calmed in a Chinese pedicure to diminish her feet—her feet, phaw! the little Cinderella's shoes would have been a world too wide for them. What care I—what cared Philip—if she were tight-laced? if her handkerchief were redolent with one perfume, her robe with another, her mantle with a third? These things must be, Pyrrha must not bind her golden hair with penny-twine, but a ribbon of Tyrian dye; the *gracile puer* must not be scented with Cavendish, but with Frangipani and Woodviolet. To my mind, your satirists and humorists—carnefices of dandism, whipsters of the follies of the age—make too much and a monstrous bother about the little tricks and whimsicalities that Beauty delights to enhance her charms withal. We want the Effect, and the effect is there—grand, glorious, transcendent, and resplendent; and what does it matter to us how the effect has been produced, and how much pretty chicanery and coquettish fraud there may be in it? We are not all going to marry Beauty; and he who does is either a philosopher or a fool, and in either case will do well to hold his tongue about the mysteries of Beauty's toilet-table. "The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks, &c., &c." If you happen to contract a matrimonial alliance with the Honourable Miss de Grey Malkin, and she turns out to be a CAT, pur sang, ere the honeymoon be four-and-twenty hours old, buy her the best of Houbigant's mauve kid-gloves, and the most expensive of point-lace lappets to hide her claws and her whiskers withal. If she mews, maintain it is a cabaret from the "Traviata"; if she swears, insist that the caterwauling is in the exact manner of Mademoiselle Piccolomini. At home, you may keep her to the *nousing*, and shoe her with walnut shells if you like.

As to the lady's dress—but, shade of Diana! what have I to do with, and how can I describe, a lady's dress? As well could I give a description of the mountains in the moon. To me it is always the same admirable extravaganza—to be wondered at but not comprehended—this *toilette*, this salmagundi of rags, tags, bobbins, odds, ends, skirts, flounces, flying buttresses of lace, towers, campaniles, ogee ornaments, glittering bangles, and chain suspensions—bridges of precious metals. I look at it as I do upon one of Mr. William Beverley's culminating tableaux in a burlesque. I don't know why the young ladies of the ballet should rise from the capitals of columns, and form living friezes to fairy palaces. I have not the slightest notion why the red, blue, and green fires should wind up the proceedings in a culmination of preternatural splendour; but I am delighted with the whole of the gorgeous spectacle, and shout as loudly as any one when Mr. Beverley is called for and walks across the stage, and after him Mr. Roxby, and after him Mr. E. T. Smith. So it is with a lady's dress. What is it all about I don't know. How it is put on, and how it comes off, are to me mysteries; but I admire and adore it as the shrine of my Beloved, and I bow down before it as I would have done to Phryne, to Diane de Poitiers, to Lady Wortley Montague, before she took to painting and left off washing, to Molly Lepell and the beautiful Gunnings, to Victoria Colonna or Louisa de Valliere, to the Duchess of Devonshire, and as I bow down now before the adored one of my heart who lives in Hyde Park Gardens, and doesn't even know of my existence. I am not quite sure that I am aware of her, like the misanthrope who said he thought he had one friend in the world, and when he could remember his name he would write to him. However, Hyde Park is a better address than Hackney.

The upshot of all this was, that Philip Leslie had been staring at the lady of the picture for a long period as she continued examining narrowly—for ladies do not stare—that work of art. It so fell out that the young lady, of course by chance, raised her eyes at the very moment that Philip had his orbs of vision most earnestly fixed upon her. The painter blushed bright crimson, and for the moment would have bartered all his future chances of fame and fortune, whatever they may have been, and visionary as they were, for the temporary loan of one of Mr. Undervamp's cross-barred morions wherein to hide his abashed head. The lady did not change colour in the slightest degree: how could she—rich, beautiful, and superb—at the gaze of this man forlorn, and all but tattered and torn? She simply, with the rapid motion of one tiny hand, brought a flimsy screen over her face, a mere pretext for a veil, on whose cobwebby reticulations silver sprigs sparkled; and gently subsiding, with an ethereal rustle of drapery, into a great, carved, antique fauteuil, shrouded herself from the painter's gaze, half among some antique tapestry, half in the increasing twilight, which began to make the strange old furniture of the shop cast dark and mysterious shadows. But even through the obscurity, Philip Leslie felt, if he could not see, those earnest gray eyes fixed upon him with a mournful sternness; and though he had done nothing but stare at a pretty woman, still he felt as though he had done a guilty thing.

It occurred to Mr. Undervamp too, at precisely the same moment, to turn his eyes towards the stranger, Mr. Undervamp had no beauty with which to entrance, no gray eyes (he had but one, indeed, and that of a gooseberry hue, in all) with which to awe; but he had a loud harsh voice to ask the stranger what he wanted, and he made good use of it by asking him accordingly.

The "Cottage-door" was for sale; would Mr. Undervamp buy it? He would sell it very cheap. It was the same mournful litany over again, with this addition, that every word that Philip said seemed wrung out of him by the most exquisite tortures of the Inquisition, and that he mentally combated a burning desire to break the "Cottage-door" over Mr. Undervamp's head, snatch one embrace from the veiled lady, and then either make away with himself with one of the demasened poniards, or give himself up at once to the police.

Mr. Undervamp's *idée fixe* would probably, had his inmost thoughts been analysed, have been to kick Philip Leslie out of the shop. His spoken answer left very little indeed to be desired on the score of plainness; he simply said, "No; don't want it," and glancing disdainfully at the painter's worn and travel-stained attire, extended his hand towards the door.

Philip Leslie bit his lip nearly till it bled, took back his picture, and moved towards the gestured portal. The background of hope's anchor-foundry faded away, and in its stead there came a set-scene of a river under a bridge—a river that mirrored the gas-lamps on the parapet above, and in whose water something heavy, falling through the water, splashed.

Some body had been walking by Philip's side all through that dreadful two hundred and ten miles' pilgrimage—some body who carried a stake through his body in lieu of a walking-stick—some body who had an unaccountable propensity for loitering at the confluence of the cross roads; who ever and anon whispered to the



EARLY MEMORIES.

Snyders, the beggars by Murillo, the jolly Flemish burghers carousing by Jordaeus, the young damsels with stiff necks by Guido, the fauns and satyrs by Poussin, the rabbis by Rembrandt, and the milk-and-water Madonne with their *bambine* by Rafaele. Poor Philip Leslie! He knew not the secrets of Wardour Street yet. He knew not that Art is as much a manufacture as Birmingham halfpence or Manchester madapollams. Guiltless of Art-deception himself, he suspected not that fraud might be practised by others. So the neophyte, worshipping on the threshold of the temple, in fervent devotion, dreams not that the high priest is a mountebank and a cheat—that the oracle is sham, the worship a juggle, the harnspices tricks done by conjurers to deceive fools.

He had no eyes for any thing save the pictures in their massive frames, which lined the walls, or were arranged on shelves, on either side of the shop. Yet there were many more objects, had he been archaeologically, instead of exclusively artistically biased, to have attracted his attention. Old carved chests, chairs, tables, *prie-dieux*, *teredes*, screens, lecterns, road-screens, and fragments of Elizabethan columns and mediæval door-pieces; ancient armour, in which the rust struggled with the rich *nello* work of gold and silver; ancient weapons—halberts, halbergs, poignards, maces, arbalests, Indian sceptres, Carabine tomahawks, Persian tulwars, and Australian boomerangs; rapiers, arquebuses, inlaid pistols, damascened sabres and Albanian yataghans; old tapestry, old Chiba bowls and tea-services; old looking-glasses with China frames, old porcelain monsters, and shepherds and shepherdesses; buhl clocks and cabinets; Louis Quinze "gueridons," couches covered with Utrecht velvet; steel mirrors, carved ivory chessmen, mosaic slabs, Bacchantes, Murrine vases, and Nereids in bronze; old point-lace, dogs in terra cotta, caskets in tortoise-shell and alabaster, and mother of pearl and malachite; antique brooches and signet gems from Pompeii; (names, inscriptions, Egyptian clear bottles, ostrich plumes, warriors' shields, ladies' fans of chicken-skin, morions, gauntlets, brocade petticoats, high-heeled shoes, jewelled snuff-boxes, and chocolate cups of *patte tendre*; illuminated missals, fald-stools, candelabra, Indian peggalls, Canton lanterns, Moorish slippers, Bohemian glass, porphyry patra, gilt consoles, Dutch pugs in Dresden china, Majolica and Palissy ware, clouded canes, card cases, pateras, rosaries, fragments of stained glass, Saxon drinking horns, hour-glasses, "vinegar" bibles, Japanese lacquer-work, antique horologes; Cromwellian buff-roasts, Highland dirks, sporans, and Caingorms; astrolabes and miniature sun-dials; Irish bog-oak ornaments, flagstone baskets, embroidered purses, Persian miniatures, Chinese concentric balls, New Zealand canoe-heads, C-

tasteful in fashion that Mesdames Vouillon and Laure (are they Court *modistes* yet, I wonder?) can devise. Amina in her simple skirt or bodice, or simpler robe of white, is all very well; but when, on her marriage with Elvino, the Count Rudolfo, in order to make bygones thoroughly bygones, comes down with that generous dowry, I will wager my dukedom to the good-will of a street-crossing, that the bride will appear in the costume that shall subdue all the lads and lasses of the village (or gentlemen and ladies of the opera chorus), in its mirobolant variegations, and make Lisa ready to cry her eyes out with envy. I have a tenderness for my Norah Creina dear—my gentle, bashful Norah Creina—and for Sweet Jenny Wren, who, previous to her marriage with Cockrobin (in the nursery ballad), promised that red-waisted swain that she should "wear her brown gown and never dress too fine;" but I infinitely prefer Lesbia, the superb—Lesbia, who has not only a beaming eye, but a robe of silk, and who knows how to flash the one and rustle the other.

The young lady who had thought five guineas too large a sum for Mr. Undervamp's pictorial merchandise did not appear to have passed more than eighteen years in this sublunary sphere. In some remote planet, she must, Philip thought, have lived some thousand years rather than an angel, a hour, a sylph, before she had charitably visited the dull earth to rain a sunshine of beauty on it. She was very fair. Philip saw that, with a pang that he felt with pleasure, and yet, lying to himself, called pain. What business was it of his whether she was dark or fair? and why should he, a fair man, have been better or worse pleased if she had been a dark woman? She had such an abundance of golden hair that any attempt to band it, braid it, curl it, twist it, force it violently off the temples in the manner called in my youthful days "scrag fashion," invented by the Chinese, and to be naturalised in Europe by the pretty Empress Eugenie, would, she seemed to acknowledge, have been quite useless; so she let the hair have its own rebellious way, and it wandered at will beneath her bonnet, and formed a golden nimbus round her face. Then she had a brow, not of marble by any means—marble is corpse-like; not alabaster—alabaster is waxy; not ivory—ivory is milk-and-watery; but a brow of flesh and blood, the most beautiful a woman could have—high, broad, snow-white, but *cole* with the most delicate tint of rose, just as is a ball dress of pure white, with an almost imperceptible "slip" of pink gauze beneath. Her forehead was a beautiful mountain; and at the delicate declivities of her temples tiny blue veins mapped themselves out modestly, like nascent rivers, growing as they descended into the happy valleys beneath. Her eyes were not blue—deep, ultra-marine blue, as

wanderer: "You are one too many; you are indeed. It's all over in a moment. Most respectable people have done it before. Consider the late Cato, the eminent Lucius Junius Brutus, the immortal Cæsar—Have a dip in the lucky-bag. Don't go to London. Come with me to Necropolis. It's close by. It isn't very painful. Why stay? Why live?"

"Stay: show me the young man's picture, Mr. Undervamp."

The speaker was the lady in the veil. She took the young man's picture from the dealer without any sign of acknowledgment, rose from her chair, and walked again to the window, and examined it more narrowly than she had done the dealer's goods. Philip could have fallen down and worshipped her. He could have told her, in impassioned accents, that he would slave for her night and days and for years; but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he stood stock-still, and said nothing. He was better dumb. It would have been an unpardonable breach of etiquette to have so given vent to the thoughts in his heart.

"Let him call to-morrow at one; meanwhile I will take away this picture, and look at it by a stronger light. You can let him have some money if he wants it: he looks as if he did."

She handed a card to the dealer, who, bowing low, received it.

She was not looking at Philip now. In that clear, ringing, silvery voice of hers, her words sounded so disdainfully contemptuous that the blood rushed to the painter's heart, back again and again, and he drew himself forward, extending his trembling hands.

"Madame, I will take the picture myself; I am not accus- tomed—

"You had better," the calm, ringing voice interposed; and Philip knew that the eyes were fixed on him again.

He slunk back like a beaten hound; and, with her brave drapery all rustling, she swept out, beautiful, haughty, scornful, and with his picture in her hand, to her carriage. Mr. Undervamp had bowed her out; the powdered menial had bowed her in; the step had been put up, and the carriage had rattled away, and still Philip Leslie stood with his hands extended.

"Well, young man," Mr. Undervamp said said at last, giving him a sharp pat on the arm, to awaken him from his reverie, "you've done it at last, and no mistake."

"Done what?" asked Philip.

"Why, got an out-and-out good customer, to be sure. She paints like an angel, and buys pictures of me like a born lady, as she is. Mad after pictures, I think," he added *sotto voce*. "There's the card, and mind you're there at one o'clock, sharp; for if you're five minutes too early, or five minutes too late, you'll just get shown to the door for your pains."

Philip Leslie took the card, almost mechanically, and read its inscription.

"VISCOUNTESS BADDINGTON,

14, Curzon Street, May Fair."

"Is—she married?" faltered the painter.

"Married! ay, to be sure she is, and a precious old sinner that!" He checked himself suddenly, and continued, "But this isn't business: mind you're there at the time, that's all. And now, as I'm going to shut up, I'll say good evening, and wish you luck; I dare say she'll stand a fiver for the picture."

Philip hesitated, though sorely against his will.

"I—I—I thought," he said, "that the lady left word that I might have some money, if, as she very considerably remarked, I wanted it, and I do want it terribly."

"Oh, ah, yes," Mr. Undervamp acquiesced with anything but a financial readiness of speech. "I believe she did mention some thing of the sort. Perhaps you'll look in to-morrow, eh? We're shutting up, you see. Money's so scarce."

Mr. Undervamp left to the imagination of his hearer to realise the somewhat vague connection between the scarcity of money and the bolting and barring of his strong iron shutters.

"It's so scarce," Philip retorted impatiently, "that I think I had better look in to-night; or else I shall be obliged to look in at a baker's shop-window and take a loaf of trim."

Mr. Undervamp looked at the Viscountess Baddington's *protégé* with a grimly-irresolute air. He evidently did not dare to disobey the instructions of his aristocratic customer; but he as evidently disliked parting with any ready money to this unknown and dissipated petitioner. He screwed up his face, however, at last, with the expression of one who is compelled to do a thing much against the grain, and said:—

"I suppose a crown will do?"

"Anything will do," muttered Philip.

"Well, then," the picture-dealer continued, "you may as well just give me a bit of an I.O.U. for it, and—" he seemed loth to part even with these miserable five shillings, and hailed the prospect of the delay that would accrue while the I.O.U. was made out as a blessed respite. But just as Philip was about to signify his willingness to give the requisite, or, in fact, any acknowledgment, the door opened, and there appeared on the threshold a flunkey.

Tall, calm, majestic, haughty—one of the caryatides to the Temple of Fashion—one who had served so long, and with such dignity, that extremes met, and servitude might almost be mistaken for command. He was powdered and middle-aged. He was the Lord Viscount Baddington's footman; but he had served in many noble families previous to his appointment, and his name was John P'ter Plushley.

"M'lady sees you're to give the young man two sovereigns, Mr. Undervamp."

He spoke, and there was silence. He passed out of the shop, and left behind him the odour of hair powder and the sanctity of plush.

Grumbling to himself, Mr. Undervamp replaced his crown-piece in his pocket, and going to a drawer, unlocked it, and produced the required coins. Philip wrote a hasty acknowledgment, and with a lighter heart than he had borne in his breast for many a day, bade the dealer good-night, and stepped briskly from the shop. He did not ask him his way, for two toverards are a pioneer all over London. Hope gleamed again before him, and the panorama of the gas-lighted bridge, and the cold black river, and the Somebody with the stake who had been his travelling companion from Liverpool, passed away from before him like the memory of a dream, though like, oftentimes, the dream, it was but a few minutes old. But dreams, for all their incoherence, die not, and are registered, and have their meanings and their recurrences.

"I thought," soliloquised Mr. Undervamp, standing on his door-step with his hands in his pockets, and sniffing up the evening fragrance of Wardour Street, "that I had one of the runnest customers in London in my lady Viscountess; there: but I think I shall have a runner one in this dusty young sign-painter. It wasn't a bad bit of colour, though. Wish I'd bought it. My lady would have given me a tonner for it."

He strolled into his shop, and, watching his shop boy put up the shutters, soliloquised again, and, as he did so, softly whistled.

"To think of that old Trojan, Baddington, who's been a customer of mine and of father before me this forty years, going and bringing home a bit of gal from—where's the place?—Wibidin, Bawn-Bawn—something of that sort—as Lady Baddington, British chaplain at Bawn—ha! ha! ha! I wonder what his dear niece, Mrs. Falcon, and the family, think of it. I wonder what that tearing soldier officer, Captain Falcon, thinks of it, even if he's beard of it yet. He owes me two pound for a pistol; so does his grand-aunt-in-law, for cash advanced. Curious, isn't it? I must be early at Christie's to-morrow."

He seemed to apostrophise a rusty man-in-armour as he spoke; but there was no speculation in the warrior's orbless eyes, and Mr. Undervamp whistled again, and went to his supper; and after-

wards to a select club to which he belonged, the "Holbein's Head," in Berwick Street, where he "swopped" or bartered a Gerard Douw (warranted) to little Mr. Simmons, of Hanway Yard, for a Claude (unframed), a skeleton clock, and a piping bullfinch. There was a run upon Gerard Douws and Claudes just then; and the picture forgers could not manufacture them fast enough; so both Undervamp and Simmons thought that they had made, each, an excellent bargain.

(To be continued.)

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—In the future disendowment of the Irish Church, among other difficulties, there will be the case of Mr. Guinness, who did so much for St. Patrick's Cathedral. So, at the outset, the question is in this instance less of pounds than of guineas.

A PISCICULTURAL FENIAN.—The *Limerick Chronicle* describes a "torpedo" found a short time since in an upper room which had been the lodging of a gentleman named Murphy. Mr. Murphy is a reputed "Head Centaur." His torpedo appears to have been a Fenian fish out of water.

A MUMBLE.—"Azela." Query, As Ella?

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.—He grinds his organ in the street. I grind my teeth in the house.

INSCRIPTION for an Old Clothes Shop.—"Nothing New."

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.—First Swell (on foot): "Not sold your horse yet, then, Fwed?" Second Swell (mounted): "No, can't get my price; no, fact is, 'ave three fellows coming to dinner on Thursday. We're going to eat him! Will you come?"

First Swell: "Thanks—sorry I can't. Engaged to dine off a general pony of Riggles's!"

THE APPROPRIATION CLAWS.—A Pickpocket's Fingers.

A STYLE of Italian Opera suitable for Railway Companies.—The *Opera Buffa*.

CANINE.—Fer: "Ma, do speak to George. He says I must be a mongrel, 'cause I haven't got a black root to my mouth!!!!"

CORRESPONDENCE.—The military authorities have stopped all "drumming out of the Army." "What?" asks Noddy of us, "have the Horse Guards to do with any drumming out of the army, while to my own knowledge as a constant admirer of military bands, they still allow drumming in the army. Are we under martial law?"

FUN.

A FAVOURITE MARCH "HERR."—Joachim at the Monday Pop.

"GENTLEMEN of the Guard, Fire First!"—There has been a dispute as to precedence between the Royal Artillery and the Life Guards. The dispute was referred to the Commander-in-Chief, who at once declared that the Royal Artillery were the "great guns" of the service.

BLOCK TIN.—Ingots of gold.

THANK YE FOR NOTHING!—Nimrod, astray: "I say, my good fellow, I've missed my way; can you tell me where I am?" Agriculturist: "Ees, I kin!" Nimrod: "Thank you; where am I?" Agriculturist: "Whoy, there you be!"

A FRESH-WATER RATE.—The first church-rate contest, says a local journal, "took place last week at Freshwater. We hope it was nothing more than a tempest in a puddle."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Monsieur Rénan is about to publish a book entitled "Questions Contemporaines." We hope we have the good fortune to lay before our readers a few extracts from the expected work. Here they are!—How are you?"

"How d'ye do?" "What's the news?" "How are you all at home?" "Can you oblige me with the loan of half a sovereign?"

"Don't you wish you may get it?"

WHAT to study when getting a sea-cold.—The *Mariners' Compass*.

THE PRIME MINISTER.—One who eschews long sermons.

CROSSED IN AMBITION.—It is rumoured that Lord Chelmsford declined a post of the Bath, because it looked as if the party wanted to wash their hands of him—besides, ever since the appointment of Lord Cairns he was made, *ipso facto*, the Grand Cross.

CO-HOP-ERATION.—A ballet dance.

JUDY.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.—Dance-mane.

SAFE PUBLISHERS.—Ward and Lock.

FUSION'S PARADOX.—In high life they wear low dresses in an evening.

THE most appropriate locality for a horse-flesh dinner would be Hackney.

AQUATIC.—The Oxford crew, this year, is a very weighty one. As the Gantlets are "light blues," might not their opponents, on this account, be justly termed the "heavy blues?"

RIGHT AGAIN.—The present First Commissioner of Public Works, who, of course, has the superintendence of all the Crown-Lands, might, by a very slight change of name, be appropriately called Lord John "Memory!"

HOUSE-MAN'S PAY.—M'mma! it's all over, dear—indeed it is.—Little Girl: "Oh, but it isn't! We've seen the horse, and the man; but we haven't seen the ship." Boo-hoo!—[Retires unconvinced.]

TU QUOCHE.

To Jefferson Davis, said President Johnson,

You'd better look out, for your trial will be on soon;

Said Jefferson Davis, I'm not in a stow,

And perhaps 'twould be better to say, *après tous!*

THE GREAT "ANGLO-SAXON RACE"—The Oxford and Cambridge one.

THE WINE DUTY—Passing the bottle.

A GOOD "SPOT," decidedly, to those who backed him—The winner of the "City and Suburban."

TIGHT PANTS—Asthmatical breathings.

A DUM-DUM SONNET.

A soldier there was at Dum-dum, Who thought Ritualist teachings all hum;

Said he, "I'm a Dissenter,

The church I'll not enter;"

Which the Parsons thought tum at Dum-dum,

TOMAHAWK.

MARINE DEITIES.—Gag and Maygag!

ABSTRACT JUSTICE—Disendowing the Church.

NEW MOTTO for Fenians—"Erin-go-bragh!"

Is the Irish policy of the Premier and of the leader of the Opposition so very different after all? Well, it involves the Dis-establishment of the National Church in the one case, and the Dizzy-establishment of it in the other.

SOMEbody in America has made a "steam" man. He is described as having everything from fire lungs—down to an "iron heart." There is not much novelty about the *asth-matic* article. Indeed, Poor Law Guardians ought to look out for an infringement of patent!

EVERYTHING has its peculiar thorn. Dissent troubles the Church of England; its Irish sister, however, is most troubled just now with per cent. It appears that its members in County Cavan number exactly 3 in every 100. That is, at best, a wretched investment.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Mr. Mapleson began his season most successfully on Saturday evening, at Drury Lane, with "Lucrezia Borgia," with Mdlle. Listens in the principal part. Very little need be said of the performance, the excellence of which is familiar to all opera goers. The opera has rarely been better given than it was on Saturday night. The interior of the theatre has been greatly beautified. Mr. Mapleson has certainly done much in the very short interval that elapsed between the closing of the regular dramatic season and the day appointed for the commencement of the operatic season. He had not even an entire week at his disposal, and in that time he has completely metamorphosed the theatre. His object seems to have been to re-produce as far as possible the characteristic features of Her Majesty's Theatre. To the curtains the old amber colour, dear to so many habitués, and beauty is again exhibited in golden frames. The floor of the house is now exclusively devoted to stalls, the pit being entirely abolished. The middle of the second tier, however, instead of being occupied, like the rest of the house, by private boxes, is opened up to the general public. The decorations of the auditorium have been renovated, and the house looks quite fresh and gay.

PRINCESS'S.—When Mr. Dion Boucicault assumed the management of Astley's Theatre a few years since, and changed the constitution of that popular place of amusement from an equestrian and spectacular establishment to one devoted to the legitimate purposes of the drama, one of the best fruits of his new administration was the production of his three-act play, then called, if we remember rightly, the "Lily of St. Leonard's," which, admirably put upon the stage and admirably acted—more particularly in two of the principal characters by Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault—proved a great attraction. This piece, under the title of "Jeanie Deane; or, The Heart of Midlothian," is now brought out at the Princess's Theatre with exceeding care, and in the most effective possible manner, and promises in its new locality to more than rival the reception it met with across the water. We need not specify the way in which Mr. Boucicault has modified Walter Scott's story to fit it for the stage. No doubt the principal intention was to make Jeanie Deane the prominent figure in the piece, and to invest the character with all the deep interest given to it by the novelist, without laying too much stress upon the other personages. For this purpose a good deal of the original story had to be sacrificed. With Jeanie Deane the play begins and ends. The first act is principally taken up with the scenes in David Deans' cottage, ending with the arrest of Effie for child murder. The second act comprises the trial in the High Court of Judiciary; and the third involves Jeanie's journey to London, the scenes with the Duke of Argyll and the Queen, her return with the reprieve, the adventures on the road with Madge Wildfire and Meg Murdochson, arrival at Edinburgh, burning of the Tolbooth, and delivery of Effie. The interest in Jeanie Deane is never lost sight of, and the character suitsing Mrs. Boucicault wonderfully well, the piece is absorbing from beginning to end. The trial scene in the High Court is managed with the rarest possible skill, and is altogether one of the very best things of the kind ever witnessed on the stage. Moreover, Mr. Boucicault acts the Counsel for the Defence with an aptitude for pleading and cross-examination that might lead one to imagine he had worn a wig and silk gown all his life, and had busied himself with "Coke upon Lyttleton" and "Burns' Justices," rather than Vanbrugh, Congreve, Farquhar, and Co. The other characters are well supported, more particularly Dumbiedykes by Mr. Leeson, Georgio Robertson by Mr. G. F. Neale, the Duke of Argyll by Mr. J. G. Shore, David by Mr. Maclean, and Madge Wildfire by Miss Emma Barnett. The music, arranged by Mr. J. Barnard, deserves a word of especial praise. The drama of "Jeanie Deane" is sure to prove a great source of attraction.

"In this Bark, Sweet Mary." Ballad. Written and composed by Georgina Meyrick. London: Boosey & Co., Hollis, 1867.

This is the usual sort of drawing-room trifle, or *morceau de Salon*, as the composers would call it, which comes from the press about Spring time, just as the butterflies flutter forth, and, as a rule, the title lasts about as long as the butterfly. There may be more reality about Miss Meyrick's ballad, of which we must say that there is greater merit in the music than the words; the melody being simple and pretty.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

THE golden rose which Pius IX. lately sent to Spain, was a premature blossom. The 22nd ult. was the day on which it ought to have been blessed at Rome, being the seventh Sunday after Septuaginta. An interesting document is preserved by Wilkins in his "Concilia," wherein the Pope Eugenius IV. gives an account of the matter to our Henry VI., to whom he sent the rose in the year 1456. The seventh Sunday after Septuaginta was chosen for two reasons; the one, because it emphatically signified the seventh age, which was then held the age of salvation, the other because the people were then in the middle of their Lenten fast, and the Pope liked to give them a little relaxation in the form of the procession of the consecrated rose. A further reason was that great benefits were expected from the potentate to whom the rose was sent, and therefore the same day was selected for its consecration as for the coronation of the King of the Romans, from whom all great benefits were expected. Such coronation took place on this particular Sunday, according to old custom, and after the gift of the rose to the postulant, Pope Eugenius explained to King Henry that the colour of the rose denoted the perfect accomplishment of anticipated benefits. Henry got the rose for laying a tenth towards the expenses of a war against the Turks, and the Pope told him he was confident that this present would stir him up to carry out his intention. At the same time he informed him that a gentleman of his chamber was on his way to receive the said tenths. We have a significant letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Pope, stating that the laws of England were very severe against any such taxation for papal purposes, and that when he asked the King's permission to collect the tenths, Henry had ordered him to do nothing of the kind himself or by deputy. He signed himself "humiliata creatura, J. Cantuarium," but that would hardly be sufficient to reconcile the Pope to having given the rose and not got his tenths. The golden rose was sent to Henry VIII. also, in the first year of his reign, by Julius II., who wished to mark the commencement of the reign by some signal apostolic gift. The letter accompanying the donation was dated April 5. Considering the expectations with which the rose was sent, and the manner in which these expectations were fulfilled by Henry VIII., it may be surmised that the consecration took place four days before the date of the letter.

FARMING PROSPECTS IN SURREY.—The present month has been the most favourable season for sowing flax and oats for many years. The young wheat is more forward by six weeks' growth than the barley, and the grass and turnips will be ready for the scythe next month for cutting.

A MAN BURIED ALIVE.—On Friday evening a number of men were employed in removing houses on the site of the new street from the Thames Embankment to the Mansion House. One of them, named William Godfrey, who was engaged in undermining a wall in Bucklersbury was warned of his danger, but he disregarded the warning and the wall fell, completely burying Godfrey beneath the ruins. On the removal of the debris he was found to be dead.

THE LATE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

As the deceased nobleman was so well known, it may be interesting to our readers to append the story of the Black Bottle, in which his lordship bore such a prominent part.

While in command of the 11th, or Prince Albert's Own Regiment of Hussars, Lord Cardigan obtained the reputation of a strict disciplinarian and a very smart officer, and as large a share of abuse as generally falls to the lot of men who endeavour to discharge their duty without homage to the popular deities. Seven-and-twenty years ago "the Eleventh" was foremost amongst the crack regiments of the service; a reputation which, if it did not conduce to outer popularity, gave an extended notoriety to the social habits of a fashionable corps. All England rang with the story of "Cardigan's black bottle," and Lord Cardigan was for a long time the grand sensational hero for all the unused vituperation of the Radical press and the ale-house politicians. A captain named Reynolds, who joined the regiment after some Indian service, had imported an easier social style than had been customary in the corps; and it cannot be doubted that, if the colonel was not decidedly prejudiced against his captain, there was no love lost between them. On the 18th of May, 1840, at the mess dinner, after an inspection of the regiment by General Sleigh, and at which the general was present, Captain Reynolds called for a bottle of rare wine, which was produced at table undecanted in its native black-bottle form. On the following day another captain, by name Jones, brought to Captain Reynolds a message from Lord Cardigan requesting the disuse of black bottles at a mess dinner, as the consumption of high-priced wines led to great extravagance, and was a bad example. Indignant at this, Reynolds, after some ineffectual attempt to receive explanation from the colonel, attempted to fasten a quarrel on the captain, or, at all events, he placed himself in an unfriendly attitude, and some roundabout communication, read easily, amounts to this, that he was to bring "no more impudent messages." Subsequently Lord Cardigan asked, "If you can't behave quietly, why don't you leave the regiment?" The end of it was that Reynolds was put under arrest; the matter was referred to the Horse Guards, and Lord Hill sent a memorandum asking Captain Reynolds to acknowledge the impropriety of his conduct towards Lord Cardigan, and he was required to shake hands with Captain Jones, which he refused to do. On the 9th of June General Sleigh went down to Canterbury, had all the officers before him, but without further investigation read a letter from the Horse Guards condemning the conduct of Reynolds, but a court-martial was refused on the quietly explained ground that many things might be brought out which would not be for the good of the service. Captain Reynolds demanded and was refused a court-martial.

The affair speedily took another turn. At one of Lord Cardigan's parties a young lady remarked that she did not see Captain Reynolds present. "Oh, no," said Lord Cardigan, "he is not one of my visitors." This was reported to the captain, probably with embellishments, and he wrote demanding an explanation, but received no answer. Thereupon he wrote a second letter, now on historic record, and which, calmly read, without the passions and prejudices which then ran wild, can hardly be pronounced otherwise than a gross breach of discipline as between a captain and his commanding officer, and an insulting and insolent letter addressed by one gentleman to another. In this letter, amongst other things, Captain Reynolds told his colonel, Lord Cardigan, that his (Lord Cardigan's) reputation as a professed duellist, founded on his having made an offer of satisfaction to a Canterbury miller, and having sent a hostile message to an attorney's clerk in London, did not admit of privately offering insult and then taking shelter under the cloak of a commanding officer. There was but one course for Lord Cardigan to pursue. He submitted the letter to his superior officer, Prince Albert, as colonel of the regiment. The result was the celebrated court-martial at Brighton, when Captain Reynolds was cashiered. On a quiet reading of these proceedings now, it is difficult to imagine that so small an affair should have created so much noise. There may have been originally something of the much ado about nothing, prompted by some mutual bad feeling, but the attitude assumed by the captain left the smallest latitude of alternative to his commanding officer.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.—We regret to say that this gentleman was on Friday seized with sudden and serious illness. Physicians were immediately called in, who pronounced that he was suffering from inflammation of the lungs and asthma.



THE BRIDGE OUED-MERDJA, ALGERIA.

THE BRIDGE OUED-MERDJA, ALGERIA.
AMONG the engineering works of the French since Algeria came into their possession is the bridge shown in our illustration. On the rocky side of the road leading to it are inscribed the names of the regiments who carried out the work. The bridge is thrown over the Chiffa, at the confluence of this stream with a small river, from which it takes its name. Above, on the mountain, appears the muleteers' road, which served as a passage for the first French expedition. Higher up are the mines of Oued-Merdja. The bridge has a span of seventy-six feet; its design is due to General Frossard.

COURT OF AN INDIAN RAJAH.

THE large illustration on page 232, representing the court of a young Indian rajah, will give a true picture of Eastern life in India. Surrounded by his warriors, all fully armed, and before him on the floor rich warlike weapons and shawls, the young rajah is looking on at the dancing of two Indian girls, who keep time to the drums or tom-toms of the musicians. The young rajah is fully armed, though his feet are naked, having in one hand a dagger and in the other a sword. If the weapons stuck in front of him are a portion of his own equipment, he must carry a formidable load of swords and shields on his peace or war expeditions.

CAMPS AT CHALONS.—There are to be, rumour says, two camps at Chalons this year. The first, commencing on the 1st May and terminating on the 1st July, will be under the command of General de Failly; the second, consisting of four divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, is to begin on the 15th July and conclude on the 15th October, and will probably be under the command of Marshal Bazaine.

ing peep into private life, which we copy from the *Methodist Times*:

The domestic career of Mr. Spurgeon becomes exceedingly interesting when we learn that he finds in the object of his choice one who truly sympathises with him in all his efforts, one who is equally anxious to do good, and one who has made great sacrifices to help on the work of the Lord. Their only children—two sons—about eleven years of age, are at the present time studying in the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, and it is the earnest prayer not only of their parents, but of thousands, that both may be the subjects of distinguishing grace; that both may be endowed with talents suitable for the Christian ministry, and that both may be made as useful as their honoured father. That they have some good in their youthful hearts may be gathered from the following:—When Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon had departed last year on their summer tour, the two boys entered into conversation with each other as to how they should act with respect to the evening's devotions. After some consultation on the subject, it was finally arranged that one should read the chapter and that the other should pray. When the evening had come and the hour of prayer had arrived, they called together all connected with the house, and having read and prayed as they had planned during the day, they dismissed the servants and retired to repose. When the parents returned home and learned what had been done, with tears they embraced their little ones, and rendered praises and thanksgivings unto God.

Does not the concluding sentence of this affecting picture bear a somewhat blasphemous resemblance to a passage in the earlier portion of the life of our Saviour?

CAUTION TO CLUBS.—You had better get the Select Committee to smother Smith's Sunday Liquor Bill. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.—*Punch*.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

At Bristol Assizes, before Mr. Justice Blackburn, William Blackmore, twenty-four, mason, was tried for the murder of his son Thomas, a boy six years old. Mr. Saunders (Recorder of Bath) prosecuted, and the prisoner was defended (by request of the judge) by Mr. Collins. The case was remarkable for the entire absence of direct proof and the very strong chain of circumstantial evidence which appeared to connect the prisoner with the crime. The following facts were deposited to:—The prisoner had no wife. He and his son Thomas lived together in lodgings. The prisoner had often behaved unkindly to his boy; in fact, there appeared to have been an entire absence of any natural affection between them, and the prisoner had lately refused to maintain the boy, until made to do so by the magistrates. On the 27th January the prisoner had notice to leave his lodgings. In the afternoon he went away, taking his son with him, and saying he would take the boy to the Stapleton Union. The River Froome runs by the side of the union and into Bristol. About four o'clock the prisoner and his son were seen walking by the side of the river and going in the direction of the union. They did not call at the union. About six o'clock the prisoner returned to his lodgings without the boy, and said he had lost him in one of the Bristol streets while he was talking to his sister. It was shown that he and his sister had not been friends or spoken for a twelvemonth. He said he at once went to the four police-stations to give information of his boy's disappearance. He only called at one of the stations. The next morning the boy's body was found in the River Froome, about two miles lower down the river than where he was last seen with his father. There were no marks or scratches on the body. The river was at high flood at the time, and the body might have floated down the two miles without getting marked. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th, before starting (as the prisoner stated) for the union, the boy ate some bread and bacon. This was found in his stomach partly digested; and the surgeon thought it looked as if the boy had lived two or three hours after he partook of this food—in other words, until between five and six o'clock, but he could not fix the time with precision. This was the essence of the evidence offered in the case, except the fact that when spoken to at various times the prisoner gave several versions of what had become of the deceased. The defence was that the chain of circumstantial evidence was not sufficiently complete. The judge summed up favourably to the prisoner, and the jury, having deliberated twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

A PEEP INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

We feel that it would be churlish not to give all possible publicity to the following:

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

MR. BAZALGETTE presented a report to the Metropolitan Board of Works on the Thames Embankment, in which he stated that it would not be prudent at present to form the carriage way along the face of the Embankment, because it would have to be taken up for the construction of the Metropolitan District Railway. A specification and drawings were submitted for the approval of the Board providing for the formation of a paved footway, twenty feet wide, along the face of the embankment from Westminster-bridge to the end of the Temple Gardens. Two approaches will be connected with Westminster-bridge, one down the steps to and along the new steamboat pier, and the other at the back of the pier, by a gradual incline from the level of the bridge down to that of the embankment. A subway for foot passengers is to be formed from the Houses of Parliament underneath Bridge-street to the station of the Metropolitan District Railway, and Mr. Bazalgette is now in communication with Mr. Barry with a view to submitting for the consideration of the Board a design for the continuation of that subway to give access to the Westminster steamboat pier, and for allowing foot passengers to pass from the footpaths on the Thames Embankment to any part of Westminster without encountering the carriage traffic in that locality. A temporary paved foot approach is proposed to be formed from Villiers-street, Strand, to the embankment roadway and Charing-cross steamboat pier. A third temporary paved foot approach is to be formed from the steps at the side of Waterloo-bridge, giving access between Wellington-street and the Waterloo steamboat pier. A fourth temporary paved foot approach will be from the steps at the end of Essex-street, Strand, to the Temple steamboat pier, which, for the present, will be the eastern end of the Thames Embankment pro-

FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT IN POOLE HARBOUR.—LOSS OF FOUR LIVES.

ON Wednesday evening a lamentable boat accident occurred in Poole harbour, by which it is beyond doubt that four lives were lost. It appears that a clay cutter named Thomas Fry, 50 years of age, left the quay at Poole on Wednesday, about six o'clock in the evening, in a canoe, for Middleborough, near Wareham, about six miles from Poole Quay. He had with him in the boat his son, about five or six years of age, a girl named Mary Ann Green, aged 16, and her sister Emily Green, aged between two and three, the daughters of John Green, of Middleborough. Fry had also in the boat a sack of grass seed and various other things which took up room, and undoubtedly tended to overload it. The canoe also, it appears, was old and leaky. Fry was sober, and as the night was calm those standing near the landing steps on the quay did not think any danger was to be apprehended. The boat, however, never reached its destination, and the next time it was seen was about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, when it was found by two men who were "eel pecking" in Wareham Channel. Previously to discovering the boat, which was found bottom upwards, they found the dead body of the little girl, Emily Green, floating on the water. They brought the body to Poole and placed it in the hands of the police, and steps were promptly taken to find, if possible, the bodies of Fry and his son, and Mary Ann Green, who, there is no doubt, were drowned, but these efforts have as yet been in vain.—An inquest was held by G. B. Aldridge, Esq., coroner, on the body of the child, Emily Green, when all the evidence procurable was given. Nothing of course was known as to the manner in which the accident occurred, and the jury returned an open verdict of "Found drowned."

RITUALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Court of Arches was crowded in anticipation of judgment being given by Sir R. Phillimore in the St. Alban's ritual case and the case of Flamanck v. Simpson. The Dean of the Arches began the delivery of his judgment at eleven o'clock, reading from a printed copy, and the reading occupied several hours.

The learned judge, having stated his views on the various points involved in the case, concluded as follows:—"There is surely room for both the promoter and the defendant in this Church of England, and I should indeed regret if with any justice it should be said that this judgment had the slightest tendency either to injure the catholic foundation upon which our Church rests, or to abridge the liberty which the law has so wisely accorded to her ministers and her congregations. I must say a word as to costs. This is a matter to be governed by the direction of the Court, that is, by a discretion judicially exercised. In the case of Martin v. Mackonochie, it appears that the promoter is not a churchwarden or a resident parishioner. Of the five charges against Mr. Mackonochie, in which I include the excessive kneeling, upon three there have been adverse decisions to Mr. Mackonochie. With respect to the elevation, Mr. Mackonochie submitted the question to his ordinary, and discontinued under his direction the practice before the institution of this suit, though it is said he had done so under protest. With respect to the incense, he had discontinued, though also under protest, the censing of persons and things before the institution of this suit. With respect to the excessive kneeling, I have decided that it was a matter that ought to have been referred to the discretion of the ordinary. With respect to the mixing water with the wine, the decision is in favour of the promoter: and with respect to the lights in favour of the defendant.



HINDOO TEMPLES NEAR ADJUNTA.

menade. A communication may also be made with the Temple Gardens, if desired by the representatives of that property. The whole of these footways will be fenced off by temporary wooden fencing, and may be opened to the public in the course of the coming summer. A report of the Works Committee, recommending that these propositions of Mr. Bazalgette be carried out, was agreed to unanimously. Some further information respecting the embankment and the railway is contained in a letter which Mr. Bazalgette has sent to the *Times*. From Westminster-bridge to the east end of the Temple Gardens, a length of 5,807 feet, the embankment is practically completed. It now only remains for the railway contractors to cut their trench through it from end to end and built their railway within that trench. It will then be arched over, and the roadway formed on the top. From the east end of Temple Gardens to Blackfriars-bridge, a length of 853 feet, it is not proposed to form any solid embankment: but the road will for this length be continued upon arches up to Blackfriars-bridge. The river will flow through and barges will pass under those arches up to the wharves, as heretofore, and the water space between the viaduct and the wharves will vary from 100 to 125 feet in width. There will be no connection whatever between the works of the railway and this viaduct. At the east end of the Temple Gardens the railway will leave the embankment, and be carried close in front of the wharves to Blackfriars-bridge. The railway and the viaduct will for this length be two perfectly distinct works, with a wide water-space flowing between them.

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY OF MAIL BAGS.—A telegram from Pesth dated the 18th ult. says:—Hardly had the night train entered the station of Szegedin and the travellers alighted, when all the gas lamps were suddenly extinguished; the post-office agents were then seized, bound, and gagged, and all the letters, the value of which has not yet been ascertained, carried off. The authors of this audacious act disappeared without leaving the slightest trace.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS.—equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 1s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone. —[ADVT.]

TURF NEWS FROM NEWMARKET.—Mr. Saville's Roquefort ruptured a blood vessel on Friday whilst galloping across the flat. Susan Ramsay (2 yrs) has joined W. Martin's string. After the successful Epsom campaign there is little turf news from Newmarket to report beyond the steady progress of the Derby favourites, who, unlike many of the cracks, have scarcely had a day's drawback since last year. Typhous is decidedly the most improved and improving of the whole team, at the same time it would be difficult to find three horses at headquarters in better trim than at the present moment than the baron's Suffolk, King Alfred, and Restitution. Paco is looking, and has been going well during the week, also Harvester, Rabican, and Court Mantle, but the doings of Speculum need no comment at present. It is with regret we can report but little progress in the health of the famous jockey, A. Edwards; and young Charles Stebbing, son of the landlord of the Rutland Arms Hotel, is seriously ill.

LET not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

Taking all the circumstances into my consideration I shall make no order as to costs in this case. In the other case of Flamanck v. Simpson the circumstances are materially different, and Mr. Simpson does not appear to have submitted to the control of his ordinary any of the practices for which he has been arraigned in this court. Upon the question of lights the decision is in his favour, and another of the charges was abandoned at the hearing. No expense has been incurred by the examination of any witnesses, and I think I shall, upon the whole, do justice by condemning Mr. Simpson in a sum of £80 *nomine expensarum*. I admonish Mr. Mackonochie to abstain for the future from the use of incense and from the mixing water with the wine, pleaded in these articles. And I further admonish him not to recur to the practice, which he has abandoned under protest, with respect to the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament and the censing of persons and things. I admonish Mr. Simpson to abstain for the future from the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament, from mixing water with the wine, and from placing the alms upon a stool, as pleaded in these articles.

Nothing was said in court about appeal. It is understood, however, that the promoters will appeal, while the defendants are satisfied with the judgment.

THE LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY.—The London General Omnibus Company have reduced their fares from Holloway to the City by the "Favourite" omnibuses, one object, as is generally supposed, being to run off the road some independent omnibuses which run from Hornsey-rise to the Bank. These vehicles are "nursed," as the phrase is, by the company's omnibuses, and their proprietors, Mr. Weston brought a charge for that offence against one of the "Favourite" drivers at the Clerkenwell Police-court. Mr. Barker said it was a bad case, and imposed a penalty of £3 and costs.

CITY HAT COMPANY.—The City Hat Company's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOR-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers. —[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Dennis Colman, secretary, and John Riordan and James Mahoney, trustees of the Hibernian Friends Friendly Society, held at the Ship Tavern, Long-lane, Bermondsey, were summoned for refusing to pay Edward Barnett, executor to the will of Thomas Obrum, late a member of the society, the sum of £10 due according to the rules.—The defence was that the deceased had neglected to pay his subscriptions, and was therefore off the list of members.—It was stated by a son of the deceased, that he went to the public-house where his father's club was held, and offered the subscription then due to the landlady in the usual way, and she refused to take it. He intended to go the following night of meeting to pay the money, but the night was very rainy and he put it off till the following club night; but previous to that time his father was garrotted in the street and robbed, and subsequently died of the injuries he received. His father had been a member of the society for 28 years, and his subscriptions had been regularly paid every month, although the secretary attended fortnightly. No notice had been received of the intention to strike his father off the list.—The Magistrate said the excuse made by the society was a very lame one, and it was an attempt to shuffle off from paying an old member of the club when they heard of his death. The secretary had acted illegally in not giving the deceased notice that he would be struck off in pursuance of the rules, and the £10 must therefore be paid, and 10s. costs.

THE FENIAN PROSECUTIONS.—Peter Mohun, alias Magan, alias Morgan, who stood remanded on the charge of inducing soldiers to desert from Her Majesty's service and join the so-called Fenian army, was brought up for further examination before Sir Thomas Henry, who sat specially for the purpose, the ordinary business of the court being transacted before Mr. Flowers at the station-house opposite.—Mr. Poland, instructed by the Treasury solicitors, conducted the prosecution; and Mr. W. P. Roberts, of Red-lion square, and Manchester defended.—Several witnesses were examined, whose evidence was desired to strengthen the case for the prosecution.—Mr. Poland then said that was all the evidence to be given at present. It had been intended to conclude the case if possible, but the length of time which had elapsed since these deserts rendered it difficult to trace out all the evidence. Another reason was that it would be necessary to call Michael Farrell, who was at present confined to the hospital.—Mr. Roberts said he was in the hands of the Court; but it appeared to him that the evidence given had not materially advanced the case.—Sir Thomas Henry: Oh yes. It had proved the deserts by independent evidence.—In answer to Sir Thomas Henry, Mrs. Farrell said she could not tell whether her husband would be well enough to attend this week. Probably he would; but certainly by Monday or Tuesday, next.—The prisoner was remanded.

THE THREATENING TO PUBLISH A LIBEL ON COLONEL MACKENZIE.—Charles Francis Mackenzie was brought before Mr. Tyrwhitt for final examination, charged with threatening to publish a libel on Colonel Mackenzie, with intent to extort money. Mr. Tyrwhitt said the charge was not for extorting money, but for sending a letter containing menaces demanding money. In one of the letters there was a threat to publish a poem containing disreputable imputations on the whole of the Mackenzie family. He was sorry such a case should have occurred. It was, however, a case for a jury, and the prisoner must be committed for trial.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE AT A RAILWAY STATION.—Charles Baker, a well-dressed young man, was brought before Mr. Burcham charged with attempting to pick the pockets of several females on the platform of the South Eastern Railway at London-bridge.—Mr. Lewis, from the company's law office, prosecuted; and Mr. Chipperfield defended the prisoner.—William Hervey, a singular-looking individual, said he lived in the Thurston-road, Lewisham. About seven o'clock in the evening he was on the platform of the Greenwich Railway at London-bridge, waiting for a train, when he saw the prisoner go up against several ladies and feel their dresses. He had a female with him, who seemed to cover his actions. Just as a train was coming in the prisoner pulled his top-coat off and hung it on his hat-rim, when he went up to a lady and put his hand in her pocket. As soon as he saw him withdraw his hand he was about to leave the station when witness stopped him and handed him over to a constable. Witness left the lady as well as the train.—In cross-examination by Mr. Chipperfield, witness said he was agent to Messrs. Bryant, needle manufacturers, Studley, Warwickshire. He should not have come to this court to give evidence had not his expenses for loss of time, &c., been guaranteed by the company. He had frequently given persons into custody at railway stations for picking pockets, and been paid for it. He should not take the trouble to interfere unless he was paid, as he could not afford to lose his time.—In answer to Mr. Burcham he said he might be called an amateur detective, as he had given more than a dozen persons into custody. He did it solely on public grounds.—Mr. Chipperfield asked him how much he had been paid for his trouble on public grounds?—He replied that the last time he was at Wandsworth, and got half-a-crown a day from the railway company. He told the latter he should not appear against the prisoner unless he was remunerated.—Mr. Burcham told the witness he had better mind himself for the future. As for the prisoner, there was no evidence of anything being in the lady's pocket, therefore he must be discharged.

FURIOUS RIDING IN ROTTEN-ROW.—Miss Ward and Mr. Lewis Matthias, residing at No. 49, Wilton-crescent, were summoned before Mr. Tyrwhitt for riding furiously in Rotten-row, to the imminent danger of the passengers.—Mr. L. Lewis appeared for the defendants.—Evidence having been given to show that the defendants were riding at a furious pace, Mr. L. Lewis said he was instructed that the horse of the young lady ran away with her, and that the young gentleman, her companion, thinking she was in danger, rode after her, but that no furious riding had occurred intentionally.—Miss Frances Ward, said her horse became unmanageable at seeing something in the roadway, and she did all in her power to pull up.—The constable said he saw no effort of the kind made.—Mr. Tyrwhitt did not believe the evidence for the defence. He should fine the defendants 40s. each. The fine might have been £5.

SUICIDE OF A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICIAL AT THE CANNON-STREET STATION.—On Friday morning, at eleven o'clock, a determined suicide was committed at the Cannon-street station of the South-Eastern Railway. Mr. William Clarke, one of the officials of the Custom House, entered one of the closets of the station, and, having bolted himself in, put the muzzle of a pistol into his mouth and blew his skull off. The railway porters heard the noise, and they forced an entrance, and found the deceased perfectly dead and deluged with blood. In his pocket was found a card, on which was his name and an address at Albion-terrace, Belgrave, and a second at the Court House, Lewisham. No letters were found upon him. There was one sovereign in his purse. The motive which induced him to destroy his life is unknown. He was forty years of age.

THE WINSCOMBE MURDER.—We (*Bristol Post*) hear that Colonel Holmes, the father of the unfortunate imbecile who, on the 13th ult., killed the boy Wilkins in a field at Winscombe, has acted very generously towards the parents of the murdered boy. The colonel has settled £20 a year on them for life, and besides this we believe a goodly sum has been collected for them by Mr. W. Clark, a benevolent gentleman, who has business connections with Bristol, Cheddar, and Axbridge as a cheese factor. It was near Axbridge that the murder took place.

THE MURDER OF LORD WHARNCLIFFE'S GAMEKEEPER.

MATTHEW CUTTS, 42, mason; Joseph Beardshaw, 26, furnace-man; and Joseph English, 33, carpenter, were indicted, at Leeds, for the wilful murder of George Thirkill, at Pilley, near Tansley, on the 11th of December last; and they, along with Joseph Gregory, 51, forkmaker, were charged with poaching also.

Mr. Maule said:—On the night in question Cutts, Beardshaw, English, and a fourth man were on grounds at Pilley, in the occupation of Mr. Pearson. Information had that night reached one of the under-keepers on the estate, which led him to communicate with Mr. Thirkill. That keeper, along with two under-keepers and an assistant—respectively named Oram, Mayes, and Hague—proceeded to the place in which they were led to expect they would meet with the poachers, which was at a point of Mr. Pearson's occupation, known as Hollin's Wood. There they saw two men standing near to a field, and Thirkill, upon observing them, leaped over the fence, and called out to them: "What are you doing there?" Directly he had got over the fence Oram followed him, but they were assailed with a shower of stones. Notwithstanding this rough reception, Thirkill and Oram rushed up to the poachers, and attempted to take them into custody. Mayes and Hague, the other under-keepers, followed in their steps, and as a dog came up at that time, Thirkill ordered one of his men to shoot it. Mayes, who had a gun, handed it to Hague, who discharged both barrels at the animal. The position of the parties was, that Thirkill and Oram were struggling with two of the poachers; whilst the other two under-keepers were looking after the wounded dog. The keeper's gun was thus empty. Thirkill's prisoner escaped just then from his grasp, and ran down the field, but he was pursued by Thirkill and the two game watchers, who happened then to be disengaged. The poacher got to the fence, and scrambled through a gap into Thomas Hunt's grass field, and where he went to after that did not clearly appear. Mr. Thirkill then returned to the spot where he had left Oram and his prisoner. Thirkill was then carrying the empty gun, for this was a link in the evidence to which he (Mr. Maule) should shortly have to direct the attention of the jury. Oram then handed over his prisoner to Mr. Thirkill, who inquired of the poacher who his companions were who had run away, but did not obtain any satisfactory reply. Immediately afterwards, Oram saw three other poachers spring out of a ditch, and ran up to them. It was observed by Oram that one of them carried a gun, and that another poacher called out "Shoot him." The prisoner Cutts carried the gun, and he raised it when within two or three feet from the watcher, upon which Oram knocked him down, and the gun fell from Cutts' hand. Then the prisoner English rushed up to the spot, seized the gun, and pointed it at Mr. Thirkill, being then only two or three yards away from him. The third poacher shouted "Shoot him," and Oram thereupon immediately knocked him down. English remained standing, and he discharged the contents of the gun into the body of Mr. Thirkill, who immediately fell to the ground. Oram thus, for the moment, was left with three if not four poachers against him. He was knocked to the ground, and there severely beaten, and he recognised that assailant as the prisoner Beardshaw. The other keepers heard the report of the gun-firing and hurried back to the field, being quickened in their movements by the cry of Oram for assistance. The poachers, seeing this additional force appear on the scene, made off in the direction of Pilley, a village near Tansley. It was a fine moonlight night, so that it was not difficult to recognise the features of the men engaged in the transaction, and Oram was able to swear distinctly to Cutts—as the poacher who carried the gun—to Cutts, as the man he knocked down; to English as the poacher who picked up the gun and discharged it at Mr. Thirkill, and to Beardshaw as being also one of his assailants.

Among other witnesses called was Thomas Mayes, one of the game watchers, who, after describing the occurrence, narrated the circumstances attending Thirkill's death. When he came up to the place where the deceased was lying on the ground, the latter cried out, "Oh, Tom, don't leave me; this is a bad job." Mr. Thirkill also remarked that it was hard thus to die, mentioned his family with some emotion, articulated feebly, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and then expired. Witness was then holding the dying man in his arms. In cross-examination by Mr. Blackburn, witness said the watchers carried sticks from four to five feet in length, but they were not fials, neither were they loaded with lead. A great deal of additional evidence was adduced, which tended to incriminate the prisoners, and eventually the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against English and Cutts, and convicted Beardshaw and Gregory of poaching.

The judge sentenced English to ten, and Cutts to five years' penal servitude. Beardshaw was condemned to eighteen and Gregory to fifteen months' hard labour.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

A NEW dramatic version of "Oliver Twist" will be produced at the Old Theatre, Long-acre, at Easter. Mr. Toole will play the Dodger.

The Holborn Theatre will re-open Easter, under the management of Miss Fanny Josephs, with the old Strand drama of the "Postboy," and an extravaganza, by Mr. Burnand, entitled the "White Fawn." The original representative of the old postboy was Mr. James Rogers. At the Holborn it will be played by Mr. Joseph Irving, from the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. The "White Fawn," an English rendering of the celebrated "Biche au Bois" of the Porte St. Martin, was first produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool. In America it is dividing the honours and profits of popularity with the "Black Crook."

Mr. John Clarke will play a London jester in Mr. Edmund Yates's drama of "Black Sheep," at the Olympic. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews will appear in the same piece.

A new theatre at Brompton is talked of.

Mr. Charles Dillon has been engaged by Mr. Chatterton for Drury Lane, and will appear next season.

Mr. Phelps has left London for a starrin tour in the provinces.

Mr. Bandmann is engaged to play at Liverpool at Easter.

Nineteen dramas have been sent in in competition for Mr. T. P. Cooke's prize of £100.

ON STAIRS.—A letter in the *Independance Belge*, describing the scene of the disturbances in Belgium, says:—This, rich and splendid country of Charleroi has for the moment an aspect of terror and desolation. For an extent of several leagues, the coal mines, factories, and furnaces which, ordinarily, give prodigies of animation to the district, are almost abandoned. The labouring population has laid aside its working dress for that of leisure; and, seated in the wine shops or grouped at the corners of the roads, they regard with jeering or hostile looks any persons whose appearance indicates the middle class. Besides, the whole place has the air of a camp. Patrols are to be met on every route; here is to be seen a mounted chasseur, his carbine in his hand; sentries in every direction; a detachment of foot soldiers bivouacking in the mud; a squadron of horse—the men shivering (for the weather is atrocious); gendarmes smoking at the doors of the public-house, turned into posts for the troops. Everywhere, in fine, the too faithful image of a country handed over to military occupation.

RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.—A letter from Florence states that Ricciotti Garibaldi, who had been in that city for some years, has left for Leghorn, where he is to join his brother and embark with him for England.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

In cold moist situations it will be well now to make, where practicable, a fresh plantation of strawberry plants. Of course this can only be done by those who are in possession of sufficient rooted runners, formed by being dibbled thickly into a rich nursery-bed in the autumn. As already intimated, this will be the more necessary in such situations as those where the strawberry does not thrive well, and will afford ample time for establishing them, during the course of the summer preparatory for a good crop in the ensuing spring. Where practicable the ground should always be well trenched and manured; burnt earth in admixture with very stiff clayey soil will benefit them much if used in moderation. Those who intend forming fresh plantations with old plants which have been forced, should take the first convenient opportunity to prepare the necessary bed with material similar to that first recommended.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Tulips are pushing apace, and especially those which have received slight protection nightly as a security from frost. Do not allow the surface of the soil to become caked by soaking rains, should they occur. Keep it, on the contrary, loosened and fresh by repeated hoseings as frequently as necessary. Watch surcules narrowly as they begin to push, and should a multiplicity of trusses be formed see to the thinning of them, if this should be considered needful, at the earliest possible moment. This is best done with a neat pair of scissors, or a small well-handled knife-blade. Water should be given frequently now, and once the trusses push well through, and begin forming the actual flowers, slight shading should be used when the sun shines brightest, to screen them from being scorched or otherwise injured. Transplant autumn-sown hollyhocks, dibbling them into permanent flowering quarters; even old stools are best taken up and transplanted; slightly root-prune them, and replant them in a more favourable elevation than that in which their roots were found. Should a dry, bright period visit us within the next week or two, it will be observed that fresh planted shrubs, &c., flag quickly, unless under very favourable circumstances. If necessary, both shade and water all that need these simple aids. Roll new-laid turf after every soaking rain; and should any very prominent weeds exist within the extent of the lawn, have them carefully removed from the sward between now and the middle of next month. This is best done by the aid of a small three-tined hand-iron. Carefully replace any portions of turf which may be removed, and roll all well afterwards.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

The early sowing of peas will be benefited by having the sticks placed to them for support, and to act as a slight protection should inclement weather ensue. Many gardens are very much troubled with sparrows. These busy birds often nibble pea shoots down to the surface of the soil. An excellent remedy, and one readily used by amateurs and others, is that of dipping worsted into pure naphtha, and then straining it by the aid of small sticks along the rows just above the tops of the young growth. Earth-up succession peas as soon as they push clearly through the ground. Make a more general sowing of turnips across the most open quarter. Sow a few dwarf French beans upon a south border; they may come in very useful should a moderate period supervene. Sow a few likewise in pots or boxes to plant out in the open ground when well advanced in growth. Water freshly planted lettuces, cauliflowers, &c., if the weather keeps dry; transplant another small batch of the former. Clear off the stalks of broccoli at the earliest moment possible when a crop is used. I prefer pulling up the whole plant when the heads are fit for use. It saves trouble, besides ridding the ground of a useless and severe tax. Where hand-lights exist—no other being at hand—good progress may be made by forming a slight hotbed of fermenting materials, covering it over with finely sifted soil, and afterwards sowing therein celery, tomato, capsicum, &c. They germinate readily in such a position, and will bear hardening off with no further change.—W. E. in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

THE CYNIC OF SOCIETY.

The cynic's survey of Europe is broad and liberal. The Italians have a climate and rear singers; the French have an inspired canning, and breed cooks; the Germans are a vaporous people, and eat classics. Switzerland has snow mountains, England money. He talks his French, he reads Italian; they are good to quote. Heavy Germany is a sealed land for him. He says with Person—"Life is too short for hating Germans;" and you must not ask if he pursued Person's studies. His survey of his native country is that we have large commons and parsons. To say that fools are a part of his composition is to separate some from the mass. The position of mind for one who takes so equal a view resembles the lofty station of the condor of the Andes. Perpetual supplies of food are furnished by the struggles of the silly creatures beneath him; he is sure of his offal. Has a Cabinet Minister put a pistol shot through his brains? "Similia similibus," &c.; the homopathic text proverb is mildly cited. Are the French up in insurrection again? "It is a habit of the Batrachians; they once had a poet." A philosopher is hissed by democratic assembly, and has now heard the vox populi." Lady Belinda has gone into the Divorce Court, "after her virtue." Do not investigate the wit of his replies. The manner of utterance, and the hue he sheds on them, are everything.

At dinner his neighbours become aware of the dreaded presence gradually. He has his own way of fingering the bread crumbs, his own way of examining the dishes offered. He is not hasty to speak, and often walks to his place in silence; in silence consumes his soup, leaving the lady at his side to wonder. She has been known to pronounce him dull, until hearing of his peculiar reputation she suddenly remembered two or three of his curt remarks, and then how she wince! A power thus established is more dangerous to the peaceful beating of woman's heart than the soft lodgment made near it by a prodigality of flattering attentions. It is, however, impossible for her to love the cynic. Her fretfulness to discover what is behind the enigmatical surface of the man offends him, and when offended he bites nastily. She can forgive a blow, not a bite. Of course, we have clever fellows who wear the cynical mask, say sharp things, and create curiosity and fear, and win their lady by revealing that they are not what they seemed, like the fairy princess, that quitted the beast's shape as soon as they were adored. And we have imitation cynics, ghastly beings, underbrowed every one of them, scarcely worth mentioning, but that, with the increasing difficulty of distinguishing it, the vile taste and pretentiousness of bad breeding should more and more be abominated by the discerning. They are loud; they seek occasions for cynical speech; dig pits for it in conversation—pose for it. George Selwyn is one of their favourites; Prince Talleyrand spises them. They are not ashamed to be known as the men who repeat the query of Quevedo. They are semi-Byronical too, and have innumerable tricks. That they also may be the adorable-disagreeable they will sacrifice any little character they have. University fellows, before they get into their clerical harness, or before they develop rotundity, are sometimes guilty of the abomination. The only real thing about them is their dyspepsia. Let us have nothing to do with the studied cynic. The true cynic is perfectly well-bred. He is acceptable in the best society, and he is welcome there. He has taste and manners, and an identity visible at a glance.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ALLEGED STARVATION IN PRISONS.

An inquest was held at Mile-end New Town, on the body of Edward Barrett, aged 18 years, alleged to have died from privations in prison.

For some time past the mortality amongst prisoners, arising from chest diseases, has attracted the attention of metropolitan coroners. The inquests were nearly all held on the bodies of prisoners who had been taken into the infirmary one time before death. There was, therefore, no difficulty in laying before juries satisfactory evidence as to the mutton chops, wines, jellies, &c., supplied to them.

The sister of the deceased said he was a carpenter, and at Christmas last he was strong and well. On the 26th of February she learned that he had been sent to prison for two months for theft, and that his term was up. She went to the prison to meet him coming out, and found him so weak that he had to lean on her arm. He told her that he had been very ill in prison. He was unable to work, and was sentenced to two or three days on bread and water because he could not work. It was the prison system that caused his death. He was found dead in bed on Thursday last.

Charlotte Maxwell gave similar evidence, and said deceased told her that he had been half-starved in prison, and that he could not work. He complained to the doctor, who put him on bread and water. He said he had been five days out of seven on bread and water. This witness said that neither of her lodgers, who had been in prison, came out last week in a very bad state. He was well before he went in. Another man named Collins died from prison severity last week.

Mr. G. Baxter Phillips, police surgeon, said that he was called in to the deceased after death. The post-mortem examination showed that death resulted from an effusion of blood into the lungs from a cavity, the edges of which were adherent to the pleura. There were tubercles in the lungs. The body was much emaciated. He should consider that the deceased had had consumption for two years, and that his state must have been apparent for months past. He was unfit, witness should say, to work on the treadmill.

James Thomas Western said: I live at Maxwell's lodging-house. I was imprisoned in Coldbath-fields for two months. I was well and hearty when I went in. I became very ill on the wheel twice. The first time I got two days' bread and water, and the second time two days' bread and water. I could hardly stand when I came out, and I am now attending Devonshire-square Hospital for weakness and shortness of breath. It was the prison and nothing else that made me ill. I knew deceased and Collins before they went in, and they were both in good health. Collins is dead now. He died before I came out last Tuesday. It was the treatment that did for him.

Coroner: How long were you on the wheel?

Witness: From half-past six in the morning, six, to five at night—quarter of an hour off and a quarter on. When I complained of illness, and saw the doctor, he ordered me this bread and water. At least he does it this way, he says, "Go on, there is nothing the matter with you," and the warden puts that in a book, and you go up before the governor, who says, "Coming off the wheel without cause. Two days' bread and water."

A juror: But no doubt most of you would be glad to get off the wheel on any kind of excuse?

Witness: Yes, they would, and so would you, or anybody, if they were half-starved, and could not stand the work. They have to work without anything till eight o'clock. Then they get a pint of gruel and six ounces of bread. For supper, at five o'clock, they get half-pint of gruel and six ounces of bread.

The Coroner said that the food deposited to could not be said to be enough to enable a man to get through hard labour.

George Adams, of 35, Flower and Dean-street, said that he was a weaver. He had been imprisoned for three months in Coldbath-fields, and came out on Friday morning last. He was suffering from illness when he went in. He came off the wheel through illness. For seven weeks he had only one pint of gruel and six ounces of bread for supper. He had no meat at all given him for those seven weeks. He was under medical treatment during that time. He was excused the wheel through weakness after that. The weakness was from the diet and nothing more.

Thomas Smith said that he came out of Coldbath-fields a month ago. (He confirmed the evidence of Western as to the diet given).

Henry Blake said he came out of Coldbath-fields on Friday last, after three months' imprisonment. He got the second-class diet. He had pains in the loins and chest, and saw the doctor eight times. Four times he excused the work, and put him on bread and gruel. On one occasion his meat was stopped, and he got gruel instead, and was "admonished." If anyone goes before the doctor, and the doctor does nothing, the prisoner is sent on bread and water for "skulking at working," that frightens people from getting off the wheel, even when they are very ill. Witness was very ill when he went into prison; now his side was bad, and he could not work.

The last four prisoners all looked quite ill and broken down.

The Coroner, in summing up, said that whoever heard the hacking cough of some of the witnesses, and saw the appearance of all, must agree with the medical evidence that the diet described was not adapted to sustain the health and strength of those who were imprisoned. The inquiry was one of considerable importance, and no doubt the facts elicited would lead to an alteration of a system that was shown to have such destructive consequences to health and life.

The Foreman said that none of the discharged prisoners were in a state that would permit them to do half a day's work even if they could get it to do.

The jury returned a verdict—"That deceased was found dead from an effusion of blood on the chest, and consumption; that the consumptive condition of the deceased was of long standing; and that his death was accelerated by the low

diet on which he was kept in Coldbath-fields House of Correction. And the jury are of opinion that the diet given to the prisoners is insufficient for health, and they consider that the attention of the proper authorities ought to be drawn to the facts disclosed."

The Coroner said that he would write to the authorities upon the subject, as the jury requested.

SERIOUS DISTURBANCES AT WIGAN.

A PARTY of 400 or 500 of the men on strike, many of whom were armed with bludgeons, assembled about 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the neighbourhood of the Lindsay Pit, Wigan, for the purpose of preventing the commencement of work. A large force of police had been sent to the place, where they were joined by a party of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company's men, and the two bodies uniting began to clear the road. A road was soon made to the pit for the non-unionists who desired to work, though at one time a heavy shower of stones upon the police made matters look rather serious. On Monday night some scores of panes of glass were broken in the houses of obnoxious workmen, and some little personal injury done, while two bottles of powder with fuses attached were thrown through the windows of other dwellings. No harm was done except the breaking of the windows, as the fuse, which in each case had been lighted, either burned out before it reached the powder, or was extinguished by the throwing of the bottle. The chief constable has deemed it his duty to summon a meeting of magistrates. The exact nature of the proceedings did not transpire; but it was understood that, in consequence of the inadequacy of the police force to cope with the turn-outs, application had been made to the military authorities at Manchester for a detachment of troops to assist in the preservation of the peace of the town. A detachment of 120 men of the 57th Regiment left Victoria Station, Manchester, for Wigan by the 7.10 train on Tuesday evening.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BY FIRE.

On Wednesday morning at an early hour a fire attended with a serious loss of property happened in the well-known establishment of Gatti Brothers, chocolate manufacturers, 3 and 4, Little George-street, Minories. The discovery was made by the policeman on duty, who raised an alarm, but owing to the oily nature of the stock in trade, the fire spread with great rapidity, and in the course of a few minutes both houses were in flames from the ground floor to the roof. The fire escapes and engines of the Metropolitan Brigade quickly attended, but the fire could not be extinguished until the premises, with the exception of the basement, were destroyed.

Another fire took place in the premises of Mr. C. Wells, a cabinet maker, situated No. 2, George-street, St. John's-road, Hoxton. In the course of a few minutes not only were the workshops of two floors in flames, but the fire had enveloped the whole of the costly stock of timber, including veneers, &c. The engines of the Metropolitan Brigade were early in arriving, but by that period the timber yard of Mr. Chambers, another cabinet maker, next door, was also sending forth immeasurable sheets of flame. The engines were set to work, but some hours elapsed before the fire could be extinguished, and not until a serious amount of property was destroyed.

ANOTHER UNBURIED CHILD.

An inquiry was held by Mr. Humphreys, Coroner, at the Windsor Castle Tavern, Victoria-park, relative to the death of a child whose body was found in the roof of a house, No. 31, Pitt-street, Hackney-road.

A cabinet-maker, who became tenant of the house on Wednesday, accidentally made the discovery, the body having been tied in a bundle and deposited between the ceiling and the roof of the house.

William Pawers, 60, Temple-street, Hackney-road, said that he had lived at 31, Pitt-street, for two years and a half. He let lodgings, and a young lady came there who was delivered of an illegitimate child. To his knowledge that child was yet alive. After that two young women took lodgings in the house. They stated that they were machine girls, but they became so irregular in their conduct that he had to apply to the magistrate to get rid of them. They resisted the process so tenaciously, however, that he rather than continue the struggle left the house altogether a month ago. They remained in it for a fortnight after he left. Their names were Annie Croxwell and Margaret Cole. They were in the house twelve months.

Dr. G. Rolph, police-surgeon, deposed that the body of the child was completely desiccated by the heat of the roof from the action of the sun. It must have been at least 7 or 8 months dead. It was impossible to tell what was the cause of death.

The Coroner said that it was useless to carry the case further as the cause of death could not be ascertained. The police could follow up the matter if other evidence could be got.

The jury returned a verdict of "Found dead under the roof of a certain house, there being no evidence as to the cause of death."

FATAL PRIZE FIGHT AT MERTHYR.

ON Monday morning a pugilistic encounter took place on the mountain near Mertyr, which resulted in the death of one of the parties engaged. Two men, named Thomas Beynon and Jonathan Mizzy, entered into an engagement to fight for a certain sum, and the fight was fixed for Monday. They accordingly met, and for a space of two hours were engaged in combat, during which time they fought 76 rounds. In the 76th round, Beynon struck Mizzy a severe blow, which knocked him down, and he fell heavily on his head, breaking his neck. The injured man was instantly taken up, and assistance procured, but without effect, as he died in the course of a few hours. The other man, Beynon, was soon after taken into custody and brought before the magistrates. Some necessary evidence was taken, and he was remanded.

The Foreman said that none of the discharged prisoners were in a state that would permit them to do half a day's work even if they could get it to do.

The jury returned a verdict—"That deceased was found dead from an effusion of blood on the chest, and consumption; that the consumptive condition of the deceased was of long standing; and that his death was accelerated by the low

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